

THE  
**SATURDAY REVIEW**  
OF  
**POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.**

No. 960, Vol. 37.

March 21, 1874.

[Registered for  
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

THE Ministers had an easy task in constructing the Speech from the Throne, and they have taken advantage of the opportunity to compose the document in grammatical, if not elegant, English. Lord GRANVILLE says that the first paragraph was copied from the QUEEN'S Speech of 1869; and the circumstances in which two successive Parliaments met were so closely similar as to excuse the plagiarism. The conventional statements which were as usual addressed to both Houses were judiciously concise and unmeaning. The influence arising from the friendly relations of England with all other countries will be exercised for the maintenance of peace and for the observance of international obligations. The Duke of EDINBURGH has been happily married; the Ashantee war has been brought to a satisfactory close; and the Viceroy of INDIA has been instructed to spare no cost in mitigating the pressure of famine. The operative portions of the Speech are scarcely more fruitful of information; but some surprise will have been caused by the intimation that the laws of transfer of land are to be considered by Parliament in the present Session. It is not yet known whether Lord CAIRNS has substantially adopted the Bill which Lord SELBORNE had announced before his retirement from office. It is scarcely to be supposed that a Conservative Government will propose any measure which can materially affect the tenure of land. It is almost impossible indeed to deal with the subject without alarming the owners of vested interests, although landowners would be the first to profit by any change in the law which, by rendering their property more easily salable, would immediately increase its value in the market. There are only two methods by which titles could be effectually simplified. A curtailment of the existing powers of devise and settlement would limit the range of the inquiries which are now indispensable to the security of purchasers; or it might be provided that all real property should be registered in the names of one or more persons who should have absolute power of conveyance to a purchaser. Until one of these schemes is adopted, the expense and uncertainty of dealings with land will be heavy, although it may probably be diminished by judicious legislation. If Lord CAIRNS and Lord SELBORNE find themselves able to agree on the principles of a measure, the House of Lords will be disposed to defer to their authority; and the Government is strong enough to carry a good Bill through the House of Commons. The Scottish members, of whom the majority are Liberals, will decide whether the Bill for amending the law of transfer of land in their own country shall be approved by Parliament. The phrase of "Land Rights," which has at first an ominous appearance, has probably a technical Scotch meaning, while in England it is generally used in a rhetorical or revolutionary sense. The practical sagacity of the Scotch has long ensured them the advantages of Home Rule, although their domestic Parliaments assemble, not at Edinburgh, but in some corner or Committee Room of the House of Commons.

The extension to Ireland of the Judicature Bill of last year, though it will be generally approved in principle, may perhaps present some difficulties in practice. The distinction between Law and Equity is less distinct in Ireland than in England, because a larger proportional number of the leading members of the Irish Bar are familiar with both branches of practice. The custom of promoting Law Officers to the Bench after a short period of Parliamentary service has had the effect of producing Common Law judges

who had been previously Equity lawyers. The experiment of a single process for all civil litigation may be tried in both countries with at least equal facility. More difference of opinion is likely to arise on the provisions which may be made for appellate jurisdiction. There is much reason to doubt whether Lord SELBORNE was well advised in abolishing intermediate appeals in England; and there will be greater inconvenience in any measure which compels Irish suitors to resort to the Courts of Appeal at Westminster, except in cases of importance. The LORD CHANCELLOR and his advisers will not fail to consider with due attention the suggestions which Lord Justice CHRISTIAN has made in his recent pamphlet. There can be no doubt that the House of Lords and the English and Scotch members of the House of Commons will do their utmost to render an Irish Judicature Bill efficient for its purpose; but the large body of Home Rule members will, if they think fit, be able to interfere seriously with any project of Irish legislation. It is impossible to deny that they have a right to be heard on all questions, or that they represent important constituencies; nor can it be ostensibly assumed that they are influenced by any but the most respectable motives. Whenever an Irish Bill is proposed, they may object to it either as bad in itself, or because, by effecting a useful reform, it weakens the argument for a domestic Legislature. It is also probable that they may refuse to concur in the establishment of any new Imperial tribunal, although they acquiesce in the appellate jurisdiction of the House of Lords, which theoretically includes a number of representatives of Ireland. When Mr. GLADSTONE's doubts as to the meaning of Home Rule are hereafter solved, it will probably appear that the repeal of the Union implies the repudiation of all external jurisdiction. If Mr. BUTT and his friends desire to thwart the designs of an alien Government and Legislature for the good of Ireland, they may probably succeed in defeating the Judicature Bill.

It was already known that the Government had resolved to refer to a new Commission some of the disputed questions between artisans and employers. Some of the workmen have expressed their disapproval of further inquiries on the ground that the issue is ripe for decision; but as Mr. MACDONALD has accepted an appointment as Commissioner, it is evident that the dissatisfaction expressed by Mr. HARRISON and by others is not unanimously felt. The appointment of the Commission may perhaps be justified by the value of its recommendations; nor is there any urgent need of immediate legislation; but the workmen urge that all the facts and arguments are already known, and that the Government will in any case be responsible for the measures which it may ultimately propose. Mr. DISRAELI will probably be disappointed in his expectation that it will be possible to legislate on the subject during the present year. The Cabinet has not yet had time to deliberate on the difficult questions in dispute; and the simplest plan would have been to announce and vindicate the expediency of adjourning the discussion to a future Session. The inquiries of Commissions and Committees are chiefly valuable because they satisfy those who are interested in the subject of the investigation that their representations have received due attention. A Government can in ordinary cases inform itself more fully and conveniently by less public and less elaborate modes of inquiry. It is possible that the proposed changes in the law affecting Friendly and Provident Societies may also affect the interests of the members of Trade Unions; but it rather seems probable that, in default of more interesting

matter, the framers of the Speech referred to mere matters of machinery and detail.

The Government was in the pleasant position of feeling itself for the moment secure from sarcasm, which was more likely, if any members of either House were in a satirical mood, to be directed against the losing party. The Ministers had therefore no scruple in announcing a measure for the relief of the licensed victuallers, which an Opposition enjoying better spirits would have plausibly described as a laudable proof of gratitude for services recently rendered. At a later period of the evening Sir WILFRID LAWSON, with the courage of a good man struggling with adversity, gave notice of the reintroduction of the Permissive Bill, which the timidest of publicans no longer contemplates with alarm. It must be intolerable to the few votaries of total abstinence who are still found in the House that the victorious victuallers should receive a public testimonial from the hands of the Government. When the measure is introduced it will probably be found to be of the most innocuous kind. Sir H. SELWYN-IBBETSON will, as Under-Secretary at the Home Office, probably be charged with the duty of introducing the remedial Bill; and it is too much to be feared that the original author of one of Mr. BRUCE's Bills is still lukewarm in his devotion to the interests of beer. The licensed victuallers have some real grievances to complain of; and probably, if the late Government had remained in office they would have obtained redress. The task imposed on the justices of regulating the hours of closing is invidious; and it will be desirable to effect the same object by legislation, applicable with a certain elasticity to towns and rural districts. With the exception of the Land Transfer Bill, all the measures noticed in the QUEEN's Speech are of so modest a kind that they would in an ordinary Session not have been honoured with formal mention. The country is well satisfied that no ambitious legislation is proposed.

#### THE MAJORITY OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

THE majority of the PRINCE IMPERIAL has been made the occasion of a great Bonapartist demonstration, and a much greater success has attended this demonstration, and its political importance is unquestionably larger, than a short time ago could have seemed possible. All the great personages of the party came over, numerous deputies and senators, and crowds of dismissed Imperialist prefects. There were, too, a sufficient number of humbler adherents to show that Imperialism has a large hold on the affections of some who do not expect to get any personal gain out of a restored Empire. That it was a sham demonstration, or a demonstration of mere fortune-hunters, is quite inconsistent with the facts. The Bonapartists came there partly because they must be Bonapartists or nothing, but in a much greater degree because they liked and regret the system of the Empire. Even outside the Imperial clique there is a growing feeling that the late EMPEROR was in some measure hardly judged, and that he was unjustly condemned as solely responsible for mistakes which others, and it may be said France itself, shared with him. Royalty, too, has in itself abiding attractions, and those who wish in France to worship royalty are driven to Chislehurst to find a vent for their feelings. They cannot take any sincere interest in the antiquarian fanatic of Frohsdorf, and it would be as easy to love a respectable bronze statue as to love the Count of PARIS. At Chislehurst they find an heir to a Crown who is at least amiable, who is intelligent enough to echo the pet phrases of his set, who behaves with commendable moderation and self-respect, and is in every way as creditable a lad of eighteen as admirers could hope to discover. The EMPRESS, too, has attractions which once charmed a Court, and a character which is fitted to secure the respect and admiration of well-wishers, if not to command the sympathies of a nation. Royalty at Chislehurst is royalty in an imposing and winning shape, and the Bonapartists may justifiably claim that this is an advantage on their side which it is something to be able to offer to France. There are many persons in France, and very many in Paris, who want a Monarchy for other than political reasons, who think that trade will languish without a Court, who like having great people to see and talk about, and who comfort themselves with believing that things are more likely to keep quiet for a year or two if there is some one with a crown on his head than if there is no one. Feelings such as these are commonly left out of the reckoning when poli-

tical calculations are made; but public opinion on political questions is really the fruit of many other things than political theories. To say that France wishes for a Monarchy is probably quite untrue of France at present. France takes every possible occasion to protest against having a Monarchy forced on it. But it is also true that there are very many persons in France who are not exactly Legitimists, or Orleanists, or Bonapartists, but who feel that a Monarchy might possibly help to fill their empty pockets and would certainly give them a good deal of temporary amusement. To such persons the BONAPARTE family has, it must in fairness be acknowledged, very considerable attractions. The EMPRESS and her son are fitted to be the centre of a Court, they have had enough of misfortune to make them interesting, and yet have not been far or long enough removed from the sphere of French life to stamp them with that old-fashioned impracticable character by which Royal exiles are generally marked.

The Duke of PADUA made a speech to the PRINCE, and the PRINCE made a reply, of which all that need be said is that they were very well suited to the occasion. When an Imperialist talks to the son of his late master about the PRINCE's father and the PRINCE has to speak of his father and mother in return, it was impossible that any but the best features of the character and the happiest incidents of the career of NAPOLEON III. should be brought into prominence. That the late EMPEROR began his reign by corrupting the troops, shooting down hundreds of innocent people, and gorging with plunder a set of needy adventurers, may be historically true, but the Imperial family and its friends cannot be expected to refer to these things. It is also historically true that there was a much brighter side to the reign and character of the PRINCE's father, and on this side it was equally pleasant and justifiable to dwell exclusively. The late EMPEROR was a singularly kind-hearted man, a faithful friend, and a politician who anxiously tried to avoid commonplace and routine administration, and to grasp such ideas as seemed to him statesmanlike. In the same way the stock Napoleonic traditions and ideas are capable of being exhibited in attractive colours. If we do not inquire too curiously how plébiscites are practically managed, the NAPOLEON dynasty has had plenty of popular approval in its time. It really is democratic, if by that is meant that it is not the pet and plaything of an aristocratic caste, and that it keeps alive a steady contempt for Parliamentary government. It also did for a considerable period manage to identify itself with the interests of three great powers in France—the army, the priests, and the peasantry; and even now the officers, if not the private soldiers, of the army look with affection on its memory, and the priests take good care to let it be known that, even if they would have preferred to see HENRY V. on the throne, they will be very well content if they see NAPOLEON IV. reigning instead. Whether the peasants can be coaxed or frightened back into wishing for an Imperial restoration remains to be seen. Those who settled what was to be said to the PRINCE IMPERIAL and what the PRINCE should say in return showed tact as much in what was not said as in what was said. There was nothing to inspire an alarm lest France should be hurried by an Imperial Government into a ruinous crusade for the restoration of the Temporal Power. There was no bitterness towards enemies, nor any sign that if his party triumphed the PRINCE then would have recourse to that bloody sword of justice which the rival Pretender expressed last autumn so much anticipatory delight in the prospect of using. Nor was there any hurry in grasping at the prize before it is ready. The PRINCE has full confidence that his father's old friend and companion, the Duke of MAGENTA, will give him as good a chance as any one else. The PRINCE offers himself merely as an amiable and willing young person, who will any day undertake to govern France if he is asked, and who meanwhile will go on pursuing his studies with laudable assiduity. There is nothing to quarrel with in this. He will go or stay away as he is wanted, and the only question is whether France is likely to want him as Emperor at any period so early that his studies are likely to be seriously curtailed.

If it had not been for the Duke of BROGLIE, the natural answer would have been that, in spite of this great demonstration, and the speeches, and the violet and gold crowns, and the regrets of dismissed officials, he would probably have had time to go on studying until he had become a very learned man. But with the Duke working hard for him night and day, making a Republic impossible, and a respectable Assembly impossible, and a BOURBON restoration



impossible, there really is no saying but that the PRINCE may be Emperor before long. M. THIERS remarked to the Duke of BROGLIE and his allies, when the vote of the 24th of May was impending, that they were displacing him to make room for the Empire. This was exactly what they thought they were guarding against, but M. THIERS was right and they were wrong. While the PRINCE IMPERIAL has been quietly doing his lessons, and never dreaming of the kind friends he had in an unexpected quarter, they have been clearing one obstacle after another out of his path. We must, however, add in fairness that the PRINCE has also lately received much assistance from another set of his adversaries. The Assembly has occupied itself for more than two years in collecting and publishing Reports about the Government of September, and the mode in which it conducted the war, and these Reports have been, if not palpably unfair, so drawn up as to create as unfavourable an impression as possible of the Republican heroes. The numberless errors, follies, and faults of the young Dictator and his friends have been brought into a blaze of daylight. M. GAMBETTA himself has been very discreet; he has held his tongue, striven to avoid offence, and accepted so far as he possibly could the leadership of M. THIERS. But he cannot get the French world to forget his past altogether, and the memory of adverse critics is being continually refreshed by the publications of the Assembly. The amount of respect paid to the once powerful members of the Government of the 4th of September is now very small, and the blunders they made are the prevailing topic of public conversation. These tales of Republican misdeeds have been exceedingly useful to the Imperialists. Any one who looks down the list of those who made part of the Chislehurst demonstration will see many names which would lately have provoked utterances of indignation or contemptuous pity. But now there will be many Frenchmen who will merely shrug their shoulders and say that after all the other lot were as bad. To be the last but one set of people found out is a great element of success in French politics, and the Imperialists seem entitled to claim this element as their own. There are indeed many Frenchmen who will judge the Chislehurst demonstration from a higher point of view, who will ask why France should be deceived once more by the platitudes of crowned democracy, or why honest men should not do the best they can for their country without troubling themselves whether M. ROUHER or M. GAMBETTA made the most mistakes some time ago. But then these are precisely the Frenchmen whom the Duke of BROGLIE is trying so hard to snub, enfeeble, and exclude from public life; and if he succeeds in holding on in his course much longer, they may lament the restoration of the Empire without being able to prevent it.

#### THE DEBATE ON THE ADDRESS.

THE debate on the Address would have been a very tame affair had it not been for the speeches of Mr. GLADSTONE and the Duke of SOMERSET. Sir WILLIAM STIRLING-MAXWELL, in proposing the motion for the Address, made some inoffensive remarks on the catastrophe which has befallen the Liberal party; and this gave Mr. GLADSTONE an opportunity of referring to the recent dissolution, to the causes that had led to it, and to the results that have flowed from it. He had, however, nothing new to reveal as to the history of the dissolution. He could but say that the Government did not feel happy last Session, and that the elections of the autumn made them feel still more uncomfortable. As soon as the Revenue returns made it clear that there would be a large surplus, Mr. GLADSTONE determined to do something splendid in the way of finance. But for this purpose he needed, as he says, increased Parliamentary strength, and a renewal of the confidence of the country. He did not notice the main objection to the course he took, which is that he did not really ask for Parliamentary strength to help him to spend his surplus as he pleased, but used his anticipated surplus to get him Parliamentary strength. It was the wisest way to maintain silence on this head. Mr. GLADSTONE made a great mistake, and he is probably as fully aware as any one else that he made it. Lord SELBORNE said in the other House that this was not the first time a Minister had gone to the country on a financial question. No one complains

that Mr. GLADSTONE went to the country on a financial question. What is alleged against him is that he made capital out of a particular financial position, and, without raising any distinct financial question, promised to perform a financial feat which he fancied would be specially welcome to the constituencies by means which he did not explain. What he did was to come before the electors without any political programme or any distinct financial programme, but with the offer that, if they would give him a new lease of power, he would put more money in their pockets than they could have hoped was possible. However, all this is an old story now, and the warning given has been sufficiently clear and strong to make it very unlikely that any other Prime Minister will repeat Mr. GLADSTONE's dangerous experiment. When Mr. GLADSTONE passed from the causes to the results of the dissolution he got on much safer ground. Sir WILLIAM STIRLING-MAXWELL had expressed a natural regret that six weeks of the Session had been lost. Mr. GLADSTONE replied that it was quite worth while to lose six weeks of a Session in order to get a Parliament and a Ministry in harmony with the real wishes of the country. This is unanswerable. As a Liberal and a Minister, Mr. GLADSTONE of course regretted the decision at which the constituencies arrived, but as a friend of the Constitution he was delighted to think that England did not, like a neighbouring country, exhibit the spectacle of a popular assembly sitting on and legislating with the feelings of the people arrayed against it. At any rate Mr. GLADSTONE has escaped the humiliation of being a second Duke of BROGLIE. As Mr. GLADSTONE did not expect the elections to turn out as they did, he does not justify his dissolution at the end of January by pointing out that a national benefit which he never contemplated has resulted from the course he took. But this does not prevent it from being true that the dissolution has produced this national benefit; and no one can deny that the time had come for a new Parliament and a new Ministry, when it has been so conclusively shown that the old Parliament and the old Ministry had lost the confidence of the country.

The Duke of SOMERSET was as ill-natured as it was possible even for the Duke of SOMERSET to be, and the expressions of his ill-nature were so coarse and overcharged that his purpose was defeated and he did harm to no one but himself. The Duke calls himself a Liberal, and there are no doubt questions as to which his Liberalism is indisputable. But he is one of that disagreeable class of Liberals whose main delight and occupation consists in finding fault with whatever Liberals do, vituperating Liberal statesmen, and exaggerating the errors and blunders of his party. If any Conservative had said what he said, every one would have exclaimed that a manifestation of such virulent feeling from the lips of an opponent was in the worst conceivable taste. But because the Duke chooses to call himself a Liberal, he imagines himself to be above all the rules of taste and decorum. He first took occasion to bespatter the new Peers whom Mr. GLADSTONE has sent to the House of Lords, and ironically observed that some of them would be of great use to their Lordships, as, if they wanted to understand how the Post Office could be mismanaged, they would have Lord EMLY at hand to explain the secret to them, and Lord ABERDARE would be equally available if they had any difficulty in comprehending what was the best means of getting up a serious quarrel with the licensed victuallers. No doubt Lord EMLY did make a shocking mess of his administration of the Post Office, and Lord ABERDARE blundered and shifted till he made the publicans as mad as bulls. But there is a time for abuse and a time for refraining from abuse, and the first night of the meeting of a new Parliament was certainly not the time for a Liberal to deride two humble members of a fallen Liberal Ministry. When the Duke passed to speaking of Mr. GLADSTONE, his violence went beyond all bounds. He described Mr. GLADSTONE as coquetting with those who wish to dismember the Empire, and as licking the very dust off the feet of democracy. There was, no doubt, a basis for these excessively strong phrases. Mr. GLADSTONE's letter to Lord FERMOY about Home Rule was not what it should have been. He professed that he could say nothing for or against Home Rule until he understood what was meant by the term. Lord SELBORNE, replying to the Duke of SOMERSET, said that there could be no doubt about Mr. GLADSTONE's real opinion of Home Rule, because he had stated some time ago at Aberdeen

that no statesman could entertain any proposal for dismembering the Empire. This would have been very satisfactory if only he had repeated it on the eve of the Irish elections. The impression produced by his letter to Lord FERMOY was not that he would consent to the dismemberment of the Empire, but that, in order to catch Irish votes, he affected not to understand what he understood so well some months before when speaking at Aberdeen, that Home Rule did mean the dismemberment of the Empire. By thus striving, and striving in vain, to win Irish votes at the cost of some want of straightforwardness, Mr. GLADSTONE lost many English votes, and deserved to lose them. It is equally true that Mr. GLADSTONE has sometimes seemed to look with injudicious favour on schemes of change which may be called in the bad sense of the word democratic. But that he licked the dust off the shoes of democracy is a statement absurdly untrue. What is much more true is that his term of power came to an end because, among other reasons, he would not fall in with the extreme section of his party. Even, however, if the Duke of SOMERSET had been as guarded and accurate in his language as he was wild and inaccurate, he would have been choosing the wrong time and place to make his remarks. The Ministerial leaders showed themselves far above taunting and abusing opponents who have just been decisively beaten, and an isolated and unimportant Liberal might have had the decency to follow their example.

There was no topic in the Address to call forth much comment or any excitement. Every one united in praising the conduct of the troops and their officers in the Ashantee war, and the time had not come when any one could pretend to say what use England is to make of its victory. Whether Parliament should have been summoned at the outset of the war was a nice point of constitutional law, which was languidly and indecisively debated by the leaders of the two parties in the Commons, much in the spirit in which the CHIEF JUSTICE seems to have debated with himself the mysterious point whether it was his duty to report the arrest of Mr. WHALLEY to a House elected after the arrest was at an end. The Indian famine was a subject of discussion that could not fail to excite interest, and Mr. McCULLAGH TORRENS went so far as to propose in regard to it one of those amendments to an Address which are made to be withdrawn, but sure to give their maker an opportunity of speaking at greater length on a subject than he would otherwise venture to do. The Government has done all it can do by promising to afford at the earliest possible moment all the information it can command as to the extent of the famine, and the means taken or to be taken to alleviate it; and the announcement of the intention of Ministers to bring in a Bill to supply India with funds is the best indication they could have given of their sense of the magnitude of the calamity, and of the exertions that must be made to meet it. It is not impossible that the famine may have the effect of directing the attention of the present House to India in a degree unknown to its predecessor; and for this, as for other reasons, men of all parties may join in the wish that Professor FAWCETT, who was the one man out of official circles who cared for India, may soon take his seat again in Parliament. Every one either acquiesced in the small legislative programme which the Ministry offers, or congratulated them on its smallness. Mr. GLADSTONE had no fault to find, nor any doubts to suggest, except as to the appointment of a Royal Commission to report on the laws relating to masters and servants. Whether the step taken by the Ministry is a good or a bad one will depend on its practical success. The first thing a Government has to do which appoints a Commission under such circumstances is to get persons to take part in its labours whose decision will command confidence and respect; and in this respect the Government has been so successful as to fill with vexation those leaders of the Unionists who resent that there should be a Commission appointed. The next thing is to see that, if possible, the Commission shall work hard enough to present a Report so early as to preclude the suspicion that the real use of the Commission is to get the whole question shelved. Mr. DISRAELI expressed his entire confidence in this second kind of success being achieved, and we can only trust he may be right.

#### THE FAMINE IN BENGAL.

LORD SALISBURY'S promised statement as to the position of affairs in Bengal and the measures which it is proposed to take in consequence will not come too soon. In the absence of such information, it is hard to determine how far a newspaper Correspondent, new to India, can be trusted to distinguish between avoidable and unavoidable obstacles to the prompt and regular distribution of food supplies. But Mr. FORBES'S letters in the *Daily News* tell of delays and confusion which to all appearance might have been prevented if the work had been taken in hand a little earlier. The Indian Civil Service has been often credited with military as well as with civil virtues, and considering that the famine was foreseen early in the autumn, and that the transport difficulty was singled out from the beginning as that which would give most trouble, it seems strange that we should now be hearing for the first time of measures of organization. It is intelligible that the means of carrying food to the remoter villages can only be devised as the necessity arises, but the difficulties now spoken of are what may be called main-line difficulties—difficulties about ferries, difficulties about transshipment, difficulties about gradients, difficulties about tramways and new lines of railroad. It is intelligible again that many of these obstacles should not yet be got out of the way, because the labour of surmounting them has proved greater than expected, and consequently that the original calculation of the time required has been found too short. But it is not so easy to understand why in the middle of February many of these elementary works should be at most only just taken in hand. In November last Bengal was in the position of a territory threatened with invasion, and it might have been expected that in the interval between that date and the appearance of the enemy inside the frontier all the obvious obstacles to the passage of supplies would have been removed. Or, if this expectation involves too low an estimate of the amount of work to be done, it might still have been expected that the operations necessary for removing conspicuous obstacles would long ago have been begun. Lord DERBY said on Thursday that the machinery for taking food to the people cannot be extemporized with effect. That is, no doubt, true of the machinery taken as a whole; but when we hear of machinery now just beginning to be constructed which, when finished two months hence, will make this or that part of the work go smoothly, we are tempted to ask why the process was not started two months earlier, so that its completion and not its commencement should have synchronized with the first stress of the famine. It is quite possible that there may be a good answer to the charge of procrastination implied in Mr. FORBES'S letters. It may be that the Government of India has been working its hardest ever since the autumn; and that what to persons at a distance, or even to persons on the spot who are new to the work, seems like needless delay, is really the inevitable delay which arises from being short-handed. The papers about to be laid before Parliament, and the explanations from the SECRETARY OF STATE by which they will be accompanied, will probably clear up all doubts upon this head.

The Bill introduced by the UNDER-SECRETARY OF STATE for INDIA will give ample opportunities for examining the financial side of the famine. What Mr. TORRENS proposed to effect by the amendment he moved to the Address is not very clear. The House of Commons may be trusted to give proper attention to the subject without a formal assurance of the interest and anxiety which it intends to bestow upon Lord GEORGE HAMILTON'S Bill. To commit Parliament to an undertaking not only to alleviate the existing distress, but also to prevent as far as possible its recurrence in the future, would have been an act of imprudence which it is startling to find suggested even by an amateur Indian legislator. It is one thing to say that in meeting this sudden demand on its treasury the Government of India shall be assisted from Imperial resources, and another thing to say that the cost of an adequate system of irrigation is to be thrown upon the English taxpayer. Probably Mr. TORRENS did not mean to pledge the House of Commons to anything so practical as this, but this is certainly the sense in which the last clause of his amendment would have been accepted in India.

The want of logic which so often characterizes philanthropists has been singularly conspicuous in the speeches



at some recent relief meetings. There are two views as to the means of meeting the calamity in Bengal between which opinions may reasonably be divided. One is that the cost of feeding this vast population for a great part of a year should be borne by the Government of India. The other is that the burden should be shared by the Imperial Government. There are cogent arguments alleged in behalf of each of these views; but for a third view which just now seems popular with the English public there is simply nothing to be said. We are well aware that in questioning the action of the Relief Committees in London and elsewhere we run counter to no less eminent an authority than Lord LAWRENCE. And if Lord LAWRENCE had given no reasons for his opinion in favour of raising money by private subscriptions, we should have hesitated before opposing it. But by resorting to argument he has descended to the level of common men, and his reasons are those of the philanthropist, not of the ex-Viceroy. The letter of the Bishop of MANCHESTER in the *Times* of Thursday proved this beyond dispute. Lord LAWRENCE's case amounts to this, that the Government of India will want every farthing it can get, and that there are a large number of sufferers whom Government aid cannot reach. The first plea, literally interpreted, would mean that the subscriptions which Lord LAWRENCE calls for are to go to aid the Indian revenue, and we do not deny that, in itself, this would be a very proper form for private benevolence to take. But the question is, whether the Indian revenue will, in the long run, be really benefited by aid of this kind. Charity can at best provide for but a fraction of the expense which the Government of India will have to incur, and yet the fact that it has been helped in this way may make the notion of a direct grant from the Imperial Exchequer more unpalatable to the English taxpayers than it otherwise would be. It is pretty clear, too, that if the theory that the subscriptions go directly to aid the Indian revenue, and only indirectly to relieve the sufferers from the famine, were made public, the flow of liberality would very soon be checked. An impoverished exchequer is too impersonal an object to excite general sympathy. It may be taken for granted, therefore, that when Lord LAWRENCE says that the Indian Government wants English money, he only means that the subscribers need not fear that there will be no use for their money when it gets to India. Lest, however, this general assurance should not be sufficient, Lord LAWRENCE dwells on the impossibility of reaching all the sufferers by machinery so systematic and unelastic as Government aid. This argument is completely disposed of by the Bishop of MANCHESTER. It would be perfectly applicable to distress in England, or in any country where a private charitable organization might be set up in every parish. But over the greater part of Bengal there will be no one to distribute relief except the officers of the Government; and it is not easy to see how the mere fact that he is administering a private fund can give an official power to deal with particular forms of distress which he would not possess if he were administering Government funds. Apparently a "famine wallah" is, after spending twelve hours or so every day in superintending public works and the distribution of food at relief centres, to spend an hour or two in the evening in searching out sufferers "of gentle birth," and relieving them from the private purse made up for them in England. While engaged in this inquiry his whole demeanour and aspect is to undergo a mysterious change. At six o'clock, while giving relief on behalf of the Government, he will be the hard, determined official. At seven o'clock, the consciousness that he is administering charitable, not State, relief will have softened his voice and smoothed his brow, and converted him into a ministering angel. This is the fond belief of the Mansion House Committee. We think it more probable that the same man will distribute what will practically be the same fund in the same manner and on the same principles. He will have no time to pursue fine distinctions, or to keep in mind that one bag of rice out of every hundred has been paid for by private subscription, and must therefore be distributed differently from the ninety-nine which have been supplied by the Government. What the few hundred thousands which will be contributed by private charity will do for the relief of a calamity on which the Government will certainly have to spend millions, and is bound to spend all that is required, it is needless to calculate. It is satisfactory, however, to remember that, considering the uses to which money nominally spent in charity is often applied at home, it may be a

real advantage to get a certain proportion of it sent out of the country. From this point of view, at all events, we wish success to the Relief Committees.

#### ENGLISH POLICY ON THE GOLD COAST.

THE successful close of the Ashantee war is regarded with universal and unqualified satisfaction. It matters comparatively little whether the KING holds himself bound by the treaty which has been tendered for his acceptance. He will probably not discontinue the practice of human sacrifices, and his payment of the remaining instalments of the compensation demanded by Sir GARNET WOLSELEY will, if it is made, produce surprise as well as satisfaction. It seems not improbable that the foreign invasion may be followed by civil war. The relations of the great feudatories to the KING are imperfectly understood, but it may be conjectured that, like ambitious chiefs in all parts of the world, they will renounce their allegiance if they are no longer held in subjection by fear. Whether a revolt of some or of all of the outlying tribes would destroy the Ashantee power is at present uncertain. The chief of Adansi retains so much respect for his former sovereign as to think it prudent to retire from the Ashantee territory as soon as he seceded from the Empire or Confederacy. The more powerful chief of Bequah, who also meditated the recovery of his own independence, may perhaps think himself strong enough to retain his dominions while he repudiates Ashantee supremacy. There has to the present time been no rumour of a rebellion in the Ashantee country itself; nor is it known that the people of Coomassie and the neighbouring country are discontented with their sanguinary ruler. The effect of the late defeat on the relations of the Ashantee kingdom with the population of the interior is utterly unknown. Recent events have sufficiently proved that the warlike reputation of the Ashantees was well founded; and they are still more than a match for enemies who are not superior to them in weapons and discipline. Fortunately the interest of Englishmen in the politics of Western Africa is now once more of the faintest and most purely philanthropic character. The Ashantees have been temporarily disabled; and perhaps they have been permanently intimidated. They have no means of knowing the extent of trouble which they have occasioned, and probably they are not at present inclined to undervalue the resources of England. It is indeed suggested that they would be formidable enemies if they possessed arms of precision with suitable ammunition; but cartridges adapted to Snider rifles cannot be procured in unlimited quantities; and probably some check will be placed on the importation of weapons. The money which has been spent in the campaign may fairly be credited to a capital account. The country south of the Prah has been practically secured against invasion for several years. If the confidence of the Ashantees hereafter revives, it may perhaps be necessary for those who then administer colonial affairs to repeat the lesson of the recent war. The task of government and protection will in the meantime have been greatly simplified. The loss of life which has been incurred is greatly to be regretted, but it has happily not been excessive.

The full accounts which have at last been published confirm the impression that the campaign has been conducted with laudable vigour and prudence. Sir GARNET WOLSELEY had already promised the evacuation of the districts which are more or less under an English protectorate before the arrival of his troops from home. His original attempts to secure the aid of the Fantee chiefs proved utterly abortive. It was found useless to assure them that the quarrel was their own, and that the sovereign Power only proposed to supply their deficiencies. They have perhaps since been confirmed in their opinion that the English Government had objects of its own, and that it was strong enough to defeat the Ashantees without native assistance. As soon as the troops from home were ready to disembark the General marched without delay through a now friendly country to the Prah; but, as he moved away from the coast, he naturally felt more and more the embarrassment arising from an insufficient supply of carriage. It is said that some desponding officers of Control declared that the expedition had failed, and that it would be necessary to return with all speed to the coast. Fortunately the General was not inclined to yield to the first appearance of difficulty; and it happened that

the enemy, by making overtures of negotiation, provided an excuse for a halt which would in any case have been unavoidable. By this time Sir GARNET WOLSELEY has probably reconsidered his hasty charges of treachery. While the invading troops were waiting for the collection of native carriers, and while the Ashantee army was gathering in front of the capital, both parties amused their opponents with discussions of the terms of peace. The hostile intentions of the KING were discovered about the time at which the English general was again ready to move. Then came the four days of fighting which ended in the capture of Coomassie; and the continuing difficulty of obtaining supplies compelled Sir GARNET WOLSELEY to burn and evacuate Coomassie, and to commence his return march without delay. The exploits of Captain GLOVER deserve the fullest recognition. With the aid of a few English officers he contrived to create an army on the Volta; and although he was deserted by a large portion of his troops, he ultimately marched on Coomassie with a force of between four and five thousand men. His advance must have been known to the Ashantees when they were engaged with the main body of the English; and there can be little doubt that Captain GLOVER effected a diversion of the highest importance. It is highly satisfactory that his line of retreat to the coast took him through the ruined town of Coomassie. Any returning confidence which the Ashantees may have derived from Sir GARNET WOLSELEY's rapid retreat must have been destroyed by the arrival of another English force on the ground which had been evacuated a few days before. In the distribution of honours and rewards, Captain GLOVER and his assistants will certainly not be forgotten. The art of training and commanding barbarous auxiliaries is essentially Imperial and characteristically English.

The Cabinet will perhaps entrust to Lord CAERNARVON the preparation of a policy to be permanently adopted on the West Coast of Africa. Lord DERBY's intimation that former errors will be avoided requires further explanation; but some modification of Lord GREY's proposal will probably be adopted. After the experience which has been acquired of the unfitness of the Fantees for military operations, all plans for organizing a native army must be abandoned. Lord GREY would limit the English possessions to the ground which is covered by the guns of the forts, and he distinctly disclaims all intention of founding or maintaining a protectorate. During his official career Lord GREY was perhaps too much inclined to establish constitutions in all English dependencies; but he justly declares that a representative Government in the Fantee country would be a mere absurdity. The chiefs should, in his opinion, be encouraged or compelled to form among themselves a Confederacy, which nevertheless should not be allowed either to exercise power or independence. It would be the duty of the Governor to determine on all important measures, and it would be the humble function of the native Council to execute his orders. Although it is at first sight difficult to distinguish between sovereignty and the exercise of absolute authority, Lord GREY suggests possible reasons for the institution of the double government which he proposes to construct. The laws and customs of the country cannot be conveniently abolished; and yet it is impossible that they should be directly administered by English functionaries. The system of slavery which prevails not only in Western Africa, but in all countries which have not reached a certain level of civilization, must be tolerated, and cannot in accordance with English habits of thought be openly acknowledged. The native chiefs will be exclusively responsible for the faults of their domestic institutions, while the Government as an external authority will control their commercial and political relations. Lord GREY refers with merited praise to the success of Governor MACLEAN, who forty years ago contrived both to govern the country almost without support from home, and to maintain friendly intercourse with the Ashantees, who had shortly before defeated and slain an English general officer. It is perfectly true that some uncivilized tribes, and some more advanced communities, can only be efficiently managed by a ruler who possesses the peculiar gift of making himself obeyed. When society in Jamaica had been completely disorganized eight or nine years ago, an Indian civilian entrusted with the necessary powers rapidly restored order and prosperity. His successor has been judiciously selected from the same incomparable nursery of administrators and statesmen. It might perhaps be difficult to

secure for the Gold Coast the services of an Indian of great official experience; but there is reason to hope that a post not generally attractive will be bestowed with exclusive regard to personal fitness.

#### CHISLEHURST AND VERSAILLES.

IF the English Liberal party, when at the height of its power, had repealed the Septennial Act, and entrusted the right of dissolving Parliament to the House of Commons, we might still have been governed by a Liberal majority of sixty-six. If it be further supposed that Mr. GLADSTONE had just introduced a Bill to restrict the franchise on the avowed ground that, with the suffrage as it is, the Conservatives are certain to carry all the partial elections, the parallel with the existing order of things in France will be complete. The Assembly cannot be dissolved except by its own act, and the majority of the deputies are so well assured that their constituents are tired of them that they are ready to support any Government which will put off a general election. Their last hope is placed in the new Electoral Law. They know that they do not represent the constituencies as they are, so they are going to try whether they cannot so remodel the constituencies as to convert them into something which they can represent. The first election which is held after the new Electoral Law has been passed will perhaps convince them that this hope has no foundation in fact, and when this becomes clear they will doubtless dread dissolution as much as they do now. A Parliamentary Government which dares not go to the country, and knows no other attitude than that of simply clinging to life, is so ridiculous an anomaly that any moderately consistent form of government looks respectable compared with it. A pure despotism is preferable, because the despot has at least force on his side, whereas the Duke of BROGLIE and his creatures have only the reflected strength which is derived from Marshal MACMAHON. A despotism resting on a plébiscite is preferable, because, though a popular vote taken without discussion, and without the filtration that comes by election, is the worst possible way in which a nation can express its mind, it at least proves that the nation acquiesces in the rule imposed on it, though it may do so carelessly and ignorantly. The Government which the Duke of BROGLIE has undertaken to administer has the form without the power of representation. It is professedly based on popular consent, but as popular consent is not forthcoming, it is quite prepared to dispense with it. The Bonapartists who arranged the little festivity at Chislehurst are well aware of the opportunity which the Duke of BROGLIE's policy gives them. Government by plébiscite cannot hold up its head against real Parliamentary government, but it has an immense superiority over a sham Parliamentary government. If the French people were really represented at Versailles, the address of the PRINCE IMPERIAL last Monday would be a mere traditional repetition of a falsehood which, in ceasing to deceive, has ceased to be hurtful. But, by the side of a mock Legislature sitting by the grace of the army and willing to submit to any usurpation, even an Imperialist Restoration may have attractions. Government by plébiscite is not what the PRINCE describes it; it is neither safety, nor right, nor strength restored to authority, nor an era of prolonged security reopened for France. But it is a more colourable imitation of all this than the existing Government. If the Duke of BROGLIE, instead of introducing a new Electoral Law, had appealed to the country, and an Assembly had just been returned which expressed the unmistakable desire of the French nation to live under a moderate Republic, there would have been something ludicrous in the assertion that public opinion is irresistibly attracted towards a direct appeal to the nation as the necessary foundation of a legitimate Government. If every French constituency had just been choosing its representatives in the Legislature, the assumption which underlies the PRINCE's words would have been obviously untrue. As things stand, it is not obviously untrue. On the contrary, public opinion is convinced that without an appeal to the nation of some kind a definitive Government is impossible, while it is at a loss how to bring about this appeal so long as the Duke of BROGLIE and his subservient majority remain at the head of affairs.

In such a conjuncture as this the Bonapartists have one great and standing advantage. They are not restrained by their own principles from making a *coup d'état* first and taking



a plébiscite afterwards. Parliamentary statesmen have a respect even for the dead forms of Parliamentary government, and though the deputies now sitting at Versailles are for the most part deputies only in name, since those who returned them have long ago made it evident that they have withdrawn their confidence, there is a technical sanctity about them which it would be well, if possible, not to violate. Though they be but Scribes and Pharisees, they sit in MOSES'S seat; and in a country where legal Governments have so often been overthrown, there is a natural and proper unwillingness on the part of those who hope that France has learnt something from her late misfortunes to repeat the process even when circumstances might seem to justify it. Something of this feeling was probably at the bottom of M. THIERS'S prompt submission to a vote which he knew would not be confirmed if the issue could be transferred from the Assembly to the country. A Bonapartist has no scruples on this head. A plébiscite is to him an all-sanctifying and all-absolving process; and as for Parliamentary government, he would gladly see it discredited as the only dangerous rival of his darling fetish. Consequently, no usurping Government can afford to despise the Bonapartists. There is a power in their mock appeal to the people which can only be overthrown by the greater power of a real appeal to the people. The accident of a Bonapartist general finding himself in command of the army, or of any important fraction of the army, might be enough to give the party the momentary control of affairs, and even a momentary control would enable them to bring a plébiscite into play. Addressed to a nation which had the power of giving complete expression to its wishes in a freely elected Assembly, the Bonapartist trick would be harmless. But, addressed to a nation which is governed by the Duke of BROGLIE without a plébiscite, it may be more successful. It is estimated that the new Electoral Law will disfranchise three millions of Frenchmen. A certain number of voters will be struck off by the postponement of the political majority until twenty-five; a large number more by the provision requiring three years' residence from every voter not born in the Commune, unless he is qualified under the tax-paying franchise. Under such a law as this the mouths of the Bonapartists can never be completely closed. They can always challenge the decisions of the Assembly as coming from a body which has deliberately forfeited its claim to represent the country. When they appeal to a plébiscite it will be no longer an appeal from the shrewder and more intelligent representatives to a less shrewd and less intelligent populace; it will be an appeal from a maimed to an unmaimed electorate, from the electorate as it has been doctored by the Duke of BROGLIE to the electorate as it was left by NAPOLEON III. So long as the same men for whom the Bonapartists claim the right to vote Yes or No as regards a particular form of government have the right to vote by their representatives on every question of public concern, the offer of a plébiscite can have no charms. But if among those to whom the Bonapartists appeal there are three millions whom the Duke of BROGLIE has deprived of their votes, it is impossible to say what charms there may not be in the thought of regaining them.

The authors of the Electoral Law would have something to say in their own defence if it were probable that the measure would have the result they expect from it. The majority in the Assembly are disgusted with the course which the elections have uniformly taken. For various reasons they hate the thought of a Republic, and they see that in the present temper of the constituencies a dissolution will inevitably establish the Republic. They next assume that by excluding Radical voters the evil may be averted, and that by postponing the age at which a man becomes an elector to five-and-twenty, and insisting on three years' residence in the case of electors born out of the Commune, this exclusion of Radical voters will be effected. They must have studied the partial elections to very little purpose not to see that the first of these assumptions is altogether groundless. It is not the Radical voters that have frightened the Duke of BROGLIE into an open repudiation of the principles which he has professed all his life. His terrors are due to those rural voters who refuse to be led astray by a new evocation of the Red Spectre, and insist in seeing in a moderate Republic the best hope for rational Conservatism. No excision of Radical voters will prevent the return of Republican deputies. To do this the Government must convince the peasantry that there is a better promise of social stability

and material progress under the Septennate than there would be under a Republic. The assumption that the changes proposed by the Committee of Thirty would get rid of Radical voters is not much nearer the truth. In whatever aspect the Electoral Law is regarded, it constitutes a conspicuous monument of the short-sighted folly of its authors.

#### MR. SUMNER.

MR. CHARLES SUMNER'S name will be long remembered by his countrymen, though to foreigners he scarcely appears to have attained the rank of a statesman. The process of political degeneracy which has affected the United States without interruption since the days of colonial dependence consists, not in the intellectual or moral decline of the American people, but in the constantly growing indifference of the constituencies to the qualifications of their elected representatives and rulers. The manipulation of enormous numbers of voters naturally falls into the hands of professional managers, who for many reasons discountenance eminent or scrupulous candidates. The most flourishing community in the world can happily afford to dispense with the ordinary securities for good government and prosperity. In no other country could the management of the finances be entrusted without ruinous consequences to functionaries ignorant of the rudiments of economic science. The Americans are so rich that they can afford mismanagement of the Treasury; and their habitual independence of government renders them tolerant of official incapacity and corruption. Mr. SUMNER was of a higher type than the majority of modern American politicians. Representing in the Senate the most highly educated State in the Union, he had himself the advantage of literary culture; and at an early age he acquired the reputation of a sound lawyer. When he engaged in politics he attached himself to a cause which was not recommended by vulgar or selfish motives. At that time the agitation against slavery was thoroughly unpopular, except in some parts of New England; and the alliance between the slaveholding interest and the Democratic party might well have been deemed irresistible. Of the philanthropists who exerted themselves against the extension of slavery with an ultimate view to the overthrow of the system, Mr. SUMNER almost alone attained a high political position. As an orator, although his style would not have suited European tastes, he was copious and impressive, and throughout his whole career he was exempt from all suspicion of the corrupt proclivities which were indeed less characteristic of his contemporaries than of a younger generation.

When the violence and rashness of the Southern leaders resulted in political suicide, Mr. SUMNER scarcely enjoyed the share which he might have expected in the unforeseen triumph of the principles which he had consistently supported. It is uncertain whether he was influenced by resentment for a brutal assault on his person by a member of the slaveholding body, or whether his long-cherished sympathy for the oppressed negroes had biased his political judgment. He never appreciated the difficulty of the transition from slavery to freedom, or the expediency of reconciling as far as possible the defeated Confederates to the new order of society. In the earlier part of the contest he would willingly have promoted a servile insurrection, and he was probably disappointed by the acquiescence of the negroes in their accustomed condition after the issue of Mr. LINCOLN'S proclamation. No member of the Republican party opposed more pertinaciously the policy of closing as soon as possible after the termination of the war the chasm which had been opened between the Northern and Southern States. Mr. SUMNER might perhaps have been more willing to recognize the distinction between a treasonable outbreak and a regular civil war, if he had not accustomed himself to pay almost exclusive regard to the interests of the negroes. A statesman ought to have remembered that the superior race also had its rights, although it had not been for the time favoured by fortune. Mr. SUMNER'S miscalculations in domestic policy were less mischievous than his perverse efforts to create animosity between the United States and England. As the most eminent member of the party which had become dominant after the secession of the Southern States, Mr. SUMNER was appointed to the highest post in the Senate, as Chairman of the Committee of Foreign Relations. It might have been supposed that a dignitary who divided with

the Secretary of State the functions which elsewhere belong exclusively to the Foreign Minister would have understood that the first of diplomatic duties was to prevent the possibility of foreign intervention in favour of the South. It was not unknown to Mr. SUMNER or to Mr. SEWARD that the EMPEROR of the FRENCH was anxious to facilitate his Mexican enterprise by combining with England in a recognition of the Southern Confederacy, which might have easily grown into an alliance. A courteous demeanour, and even an exaggerated profession of confidence in the friendly relations of England, would have tended to ensure the maintenance of neutrality if there had been any risk of a rupture. The misapprehension which prevailed in the United States as to the intentions of the English Government and the feelings of the nation might have excused an irritated feeling; but it ought at the same time to have recommended the observance of the utmost caution. Instead of controlling his temper in the interest of his country, Mr. SUMNER at a critical moment gratified his own feelings and courted popularity by an extraordinary burst of vituperation which would have been undignified if it had followed an actual rupture. At the time when the English Government strained the law by detaining the Confederate cruisers at Liverpool, the Chairman of Foreign Relations denounced its conduct in language which was evidently intended to stimulate feelings of bitterness between the two countries.

The same unreasonable hatred of England found expression after the conclusion of the war in the notorious speech by which Mr. SUMNER induced the Senate to disallow Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON'S Treaty. To Mr. SUMNER belongs the discredit, affecting his character both as a lawyer and as a statesman, of having invented the monstrous claim for some hundreds of millions of indirect damages on the pretext that the English nation was responsible for the acts of two or three Confederate cruisers. It would be a waste of time to revive a one-sided controversy which was afterwards summarily settled in favour of England by an unfriendly tribunal. The passionate antipathy which was exhibited in Mr. SUMNER'S preposterous claim was explained by the defects which prevented him from attaining greatness as a statesman. He was probably incapable by nature of seeing two sides of a question, and his angry misapprehension of English policy was aggravated by personal disappointment. Many years ago Mr. SUMNER had received in English society even a more cordial welcome than that which is naturally extended to eminent American visitors. His character, his accomplishments, and more especially his well-known antagonism to slavery, had procured him many admirers, some of whom considered themselves his friends. On the question between slavery and emancipation no subsequent difference could have arisen; but there was a not less material issue on which after the secession English opinion was seriously divided. Mr. SUMNER had either originated or adopted the phrase of "a higher law," or a moral standard of right which was in his judgment paramount even to the Constitution of the United States. Few Englishmen ever wavered in the belief that slavery was intrinsically wrong; but the authority of almost every American politician and lawyer might have been cited in support of the right of discontented States to secede from the Union. No judicial decision except the fortune of war has at any time impugned the soundness of the opinion which English politicians shared with Mr. LINCOLN and Mr. SEWARD. A less vehement partisan than Mr. SUMNER would have understood that bystanders may claim to determine for themselves the issue involved in a quarrel as well as the merits of the dispute.

In his later years Mr. SUMNER'S power and popularity visibly declined. It is not for foreigners to decide how far he was justified in his political hostility to General GRANT. There is no doubt that many Republicans of the highest character distrust either the PRESIDENT himself or the advisers by whom he is surrounded; and Mr. SUMNER cannot be accused of political puritanism because he was opposed to a combination of which General BUTLER is reported to be the principal manager. It was perhaps not his fault that the dissatisfaction of the more respectable members of the party was used by election managers to promote the ridiculous nomination of Mr. GREELEY in opposition to General GRANT. Mr. SUMNER before the election addressed an appeal to the coloured voters whom he had so consistently served in favour of the Reform candidate; but he found that his authority no longer prevailed with the negroes in any part of the Union.

The coloured voters perhaps judged rightly that their safety lay in the predominance of the orthodox Republican party; nor could they understand how Mr. SUMNER found himself in alliance with their ancient Democratic enemies. After his re-election General GRANT succeeded in procuring the removal of Mr. SUMNER from the Chairmanship of Foreign Relations; and probably he would have found, if he had lived, that his political career was virtually at an end. When his weaknesses and errors have been forgotten, Mr. SUMNER'S reputation will probably survive in the memory of his fellow-citizens.

#### THE BILLS OF THE FUTURE.

ALTHOUGH the present Parliament is likely to be less restless and fussy than the last, there is no reason to suppose that it will not have plenty of subjects to occupy its attention. As soon as the House of Commons met on Thursday, the pent-up energy of a number of eager legislators found vent in a shower of notices of motion. Many of them are of course old friends. A Session without a Bill for the abolition of the Game Laws or a Permissive Bill would come upon us almost as strangely as the Speaker without his wig. They are part of the familiar furniture of the House; and when Mr. P. TAYLOR and Sir W. LAWSON made their respective announcements, old members who had been spared to return to their seats must have felt themselves once more quietly settling into the jog-trot routine of many Sessions. A considerable part of the business of each Session is simply a repetition of what is done every year. The old motions are brought up by the same people, the old speeches are made over again, and the old ceremony is gone through of a formal division on a foregone conclusion. As Mr. NEWDEGATE was returned at the election, it follows as a matter of course that we are to have a motion for an inquiry into monastic and conventual institutions. Mr. TREVELYAN'S Bill to extend the household franchise to counties dogs him like his shadow; Mr. PLIMSOLL'S Bill for the survey of merchant ships is also a part of himself; and Ireland would certainly not be Ireland if some Irish member did not turn up with a motion about that tremendous question, the drainage of the Shannon. The Bill for conferring the franchise on women is this year, in the absence of Mr. JACOB BRIGHT, to be brought forward by a Conservative, Mr. FORSYTH; and it is supposed that Mr. DISRAELI may be disposed to smile on it. When the time comes, it is not improbable that the astute PREMIER may discover that his conviction of the justice of the claim belongs to that purely sentimental order of ideas which was represented on another occasion by the famous "historical conscience." Mr. RICHARD, reserving International Arbitration for a later opportunity, is determined to lose no time in attacking the 25th Clause, and Mr. DIXON is at hand with obligatory School Boards and compulsory attendance as indispensable conditions of political freedom. Mr. BASS is to renew his attempt to enable all debts not exceeding 5*l.* to be repudiated with impunity, without reference to the debtor's capacity to pay what he owes. Sir J. LUBBOCK'S modest Bill for the better protection of public monuments will perhaps obtain in a comparatively quiet Session the attention which it deserves. Motions about the Income-tax, the Ballot, the Ironclad Navy, the Dockyards, and other matters are also in prospect.

It is evident that, whatever may be the measures of the Government, the House of Commons may be trusted to keep itself furnished with abundant materials for discussion. Tiresome as many of these old subjects are in their monotonous iteration, it would be a very short-sighted view to assume that time is altogether wasted in discussing them. There are in some of them germs of sound ideas which require development; and it is often the best way to expose a troublesome folly to get it thoroughly talked out. It must not be forgotten that statesmanship includes not merely the getting hold of the right policy on all sorts of subjects, but the education of the public mind, so that it may appreciate and go along with what is proposed. In such a country as ours it is scarcely possible that a measure could be passed without the general assent of the people; but it is necessary that the people should not merely assent to, but should thoroughly understand, what is going to be done. Any one who looks back over the career of the late Government can hardly fail to discover that one cause of their early successes and of their subsequent disasters was simply that in the first instance they carried a ripe public



opinion along with them, whereas in the next stage they were dealing with subjects which few people had had time to think about and to comprehend in all their bearings. Even if the Ministry knew their own mind on these subjects, which may perhaps be doubted, it is quite certain that the country did not. The secret of the Irish University Bill, for example, was guarded so jealously and closely up to the moment of Mr. GLADSTONE'S speech that it fell upon minds for the most part quite unprepared to receive it, and the favourable impression which was produced by a plausible statement disappeared the instant the hard clauses of the Bill were seen. It is possible that, if Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues had taken a little pains to instruct opinion as to the actual conditions of the problem, their proposal would have obtained more careful consideration. Under the government of a beneficent despot, all that is required is that the despot should decree the right thing to be done, and see that it is done without delay. In a free country, where the people are associated with their rulers in determining the course to be pursued, and where, even after an Act is passed, its satisfactory operation depends very greatly on the temper in which it is received, it is necessary to make sure in the case of any important legislation that there is a sufficient body of matured opinion to give new measures a fair chance.

It was probably on this ground that the Government determined to refer the questions relating to the Master and Servant Act, the Criminal Law Amendment Act, and the Law of Conspiracy to a Royal Commission. One mistake has perhaps been committed, but, as it is a generous one, it may be forgiven. The Government has perhaps been indiscreet, according to the calculations of worldly prudence, in proposing this concession without waiting to be asked for it. Human nature is for the most part so constituted that what is easily obtained is comparatively little valued, and is sometimes even received with ungrateful suspicion. The so-called leaders of the working classes have reasons of their own for being alarmed at the prospect of an inquiry into the truth of their assertions and the extent to which they can be regarded as really representing the opinions of those for whom they assume to speak. It may be hoped, however, that the great body of working-men, who have lately shown a disposition to think for themselves and to set aside the dictation of the self-appointed spokesmen, will, on reflection, be satisfied with the inquiry which is about to take place. The names of the Commissioners, including Chief Justice COCKBURN, Mr. Justice SMITH, and Mr. RUSSELL GURNEY, to supply the judicial element; Mr. T. HUGHES and Mr. MACDONALD, the President of the Miners' Association, representing the labouring class; and Lord WINMARLEIGH (Mr. WILSON-PATTEN), Mr. BOUVIERIE, Mr. ROEBUCK, and Mr. GOLDNEY, as a sort of general jury, are a sufficient guarantee of the thoroughness and impartiality with which the inquiry will be conducted; and there can be no doubt that the subjects which they are to take in hand will receive careful investigation. It has been urged that everything that can be said about the matter has been said over and over again, and that what is wanted is not information, but legislation. No doubt there are some persons to whom the whole subject is perfectly clear, and who would be prepared to legislate upon it at once; but this is not the state of mind of the country generally. If it were only a question of general principles, there would be no reason for appointing a Commission; but it is mainly a question not of principles, but of facts, as, for instance, whether the present state of the law is really required by a tendency to commit the offences against which it is directed, and whether it operates in any respects harshly or aggressively. It is said that, if the HOME SECRETARY wants to ascertain the opinion of working-men, Mr. HENRY CROMPTON can tell him all he need care to know, and that the Federation of Employers may be consulted on the other side. But it is not the mere opinions of one side or the other which it is needful to get at, but the broad facts as to the actual operation of the law; and this can only be ascertained, not by consulting prejudiced advocates on either side, but by sifting cases, taking the evidence of persons who have had experience of the working of the laws, and so getting at the facts of the matter. It is very easy to argue in a broad, general way about such questions, but there are, we suspect, very few people who know at this moment how the law which has been attacked really operates. It will be time enough to legislate when this has been ascertained in an au-

thentic and authoritative manner, and a few months for this object can well be spared. There is nothing surprising in the disinclination of the Trade Unionist leaders to have their system examined. Nothing could be more significant than the fact that the part of the Trade-Union Act of 1871 which provides for the publication of the rules and accounts of each Society has remained almost a dead letter. The Unions would obtain certain advantages through registration, but this would involve the publication of their rules, and, whatever may be their reasons, they prefer that their rules should not be known.

#### CONSERVATISM AND SCEPTICISM.

IT is generally assumed, and with good enough reason so far as the actual condition of politics is concerned, that conservatism and scepticism are antagonistic forces. The belief is doubtless well founded that the existing social and political order is intimately connected with the established faith, and that to attack one is therefore more or less directly to attack the other. We generally find that a religious sceptic is inclined to be a political Radical; and though we may occasionally find such hybrids as a Conservative infidel or an orthodox revolutionist, we regard them as exceptional, and presume that such a combination of opinions implies a logical infirmity in the mind where it exists. Not many persons, it may be, have framed a perfectly coherent system of opinions, and deduce all their political and religious theories from a few deep-laid first principles common to both spheres of speculation. But there is an instinctive intellectual sympathy which outruns the logical process. There is an affinity between dogmas which is felt even where its ground is not consciously recognized. It may, however, be disputed whether the antipathy between conservatism and scepticism is really so irreconcilable as we sometimes assume. The old English Free-thinkers were generally Whigs, as the French materialists at the end of the last century were naturally revolutionists. But they had a superficial reason for this connexion of opinions which was sufficient by itself. So long as the State professed to interfere, however mildly, with the free expression of thought, people who attacked the accepted dogmas were forced also to attack the State. When disbelief in the doctrine of the Trinity was punishable by law, Unitarians were forced to resist a power to which they might perhaps not object on principle. Meanwhile a good many thinkers, for whom the danger of persecution was practically imperceptible, were at once conservatives in politics and destructives in religion. The most conspicuous of all the English sceptics belonged to this class. Bolingbroke's hatred of theologians did not prevent him from leading the Tories; Hume, the most thoroughgoing of sceptics, was as conservative in his politics as Johnson; and Gibbon, the most elaborate assailant of Christianity upon historical grounds, gave a steady vote to the Tory Government, and was one of the few men of intelligence who thoroughly approved the measures against America. Such men, in spite of their ability, were doubtless short-sighted; and they were quite wrong in supposing that they could attack the established religion which they hated without injuring the political order to which they were attached. Everybody can now see plainly enough the natural consequences of such a policy. And yet there was nothing directly inconsistent in the view which they took. We use the word scepticism very loosely; and frequently call a man sceptical not only when he is in a state of doubt, but when he holds a set of opinions irreconcilable with our own. Scepticism in the stricter sense may be naturally connected with one variety of conservatism. Horace Walpole, who was a Voltairian so far as he had any opinions, gives the theory very clearly. If, he says, he had been in the place of Luther—a tolerably wild hypothesis—he would have required a very clear revelation from Heaven before he had preached Luther's doctrines. And his reason is, in its way, a very good one. It was not quite clear, he says, that the doctrines were true, whereas it was perfectly clear that to preach them would involve the loss of innumerable lives. If, indeed, Luther could have distinctly foreseen all the massacres, persecutions, and religious wars which resulted from the Reformation, it must be granted that a very strong conviction of duty or a very feeble sympathy with human suffering would have been required to make him pronounce the signal for strife. A Walpole-Luther—a man, that is, who disbelieved in the Pope but did not believe very much more in anybody else—would naturally, perhaps we may say rightly, have held his tongue. The conviction, in fact, that truth is unattainable, or is not capable of communication to the bulk of mankind, is not calculated to make reformers. It must generate a conservatism, not of the highest kind indeed, but of that kind which consists in letting sleeping dogs lie as long and as quietly as possible. If the world is enveloped in impenetrable mist, and the ablest man differs from the fools only in seeing that what they take for firm land is nothing but an unsubstantial fog-bank, his best wisdom must clearly be inaction. If any institution is standing, that is a reason for not upsetting it; at least, it keeps pickpockets at bay, and enables philosophers to draw their rents and keep their studies unburnt. The prejudices which support it may be mere prejudices, but there is no chance that in this world, where everything is a puzzle and the puzzle becomes more hopeless the longer it is studied, we shall ever get any better sup-

port. If truth is unattainable, one groundless prejudice is pretty nearly as good as another, and all attempts at revolution are merely so much trouble thrown away. When you are in such a quicksand, it is best to be quiet. At the cost of a great effort you may possibly make a plunge to what you take for the bank; but the philosopher knows that you will be in the same quicksand still. The inconsistency of such men as Hume was not that they were conservatives by propensity, but that they could not hold their peace when they held that nothing was to be got by speaking; or rather, their error lay in the opinion that any institution could permanently survive the open admission that it has no real meaning. Systematic scepticism is not a state in which the ordinary human mind can maintain itself; and therefore the ideal of the Humes and Walpoles, a state of things in which everybody should agree to do nothing, because admitting that they could know nothing, was simply unattainable.

What is generally meant by scepticism is something very different from this; and, as is frequently pointed out, it is quite consistent with, if it does not necessarily imply, dogmatism. It is not an assertion that a man should be in a state of permanent incapacity to make up his mind about certain subjects, but a peremptory assertion that he ought to come to very definite conclusions about them. The convictions which it favours may indeed be of the negative kind; but they are not the less imperative. The sceptic of this variety warns the human intellect off certain provinces of speculation, and declares that a sufficient rule of life may be constructed without reference to them. Whether wrong or right, his doctrines are intended to lead to action as distinctly as the doctrines which he attacks, and are as capable of dogmatic assertion. The two statements, "I have no opinion whatever upon such or such subjects," and "I positively assert that nobody has any right to any opinion upon them," coincide, so far as the latter implies the former; but one may stimulate while the other necessarily paralyzes. Scepticism of this last variety passes into fanaticism just as easily as the dogmatism of which it is the antithesis. The conviction that the Pope is an impostor may produce energetic action as easily as the conviction that he is infallible. The true sceptic would be unable to say whether the Pope was or was not an impostor, and would infer that his power had better be maintained within its existing limits and not introduced outside of them. Which state of mind is right must, of course, depend on the particular opinion in question. There are matters on which everybody must be sceptical, because they are admitted to lie beyond the limits of human thought; there are others on which people ought to be dogmatic, so far as that word merely implies a clear conviction, because the truth has been established on evidence sufficient to satisfy any external inquirer. In the ordinary sense of the word, however, a sceptic is a man who takes the negative of the doctrines generally accepted in a given time and place, and is therefore presumably inclined to a revolutionary view of things in general.

The vagueness with which such words are used, especially for purposes of mutual recrimination, has led to some very random criticisms upon many subjects. It is, for example, not uncommonly said that scepticism is destructive in art as in politics. In a wide sense, there is probably much truth in the doctrine, though there are some obvious exceptions. The poetry of scepticism, it is suggested, must necessarily be feeble. The doctrine will generally hold good for the kind of scepticism which allies itself with conservatism. A man who holds with Gibbon's philosophy that all religions are equally false must generally be a man of frigid temperament. No man of strong sympathies and passions—that is to say, nobody who has the first qualification for susceptibility to poetical impulses—will easily reconcile himself to look upon all opinions with impartial contempt. A mind so delicately balanced that it can permanently remain in the state of doubt from which Descartes professed to start must have a singular capacity for taking things quietly. There is, indeed, a poetry of pure scepticism, but it implies that rare combination of qualities which is typified by Hamlet. A man may have strong feelings about the world, and yet have a constitutional incapacity for making up his mind to accept any decided theory. His scepticism is the result, not of a frigid temperament, but of an over-refining intellect; and, in such a case, his doubts may become a torture and express themselves in poetry which certainly need not be shallow, though we may not approve its tendency. It expresses the emotions of a thinker who is unlucky enough to sympathize in turn with all sides of every question, not of one who is equally indifferent to all. Hamlets, however, are an exceedingly rare commodity in the world, and their rarity is hardly to be regretted from the moralist's point of view. One can hardly conceive a man who shared Hume's philosophical views being capable of genuine poetry. Such a man guards himself instinctively against the poetical emotions because he feels that they are dangerous in the highest degree to the preservation of a complete neutrality. But, on the other hand, a poet like Shelley was a sceptic in a very different sense, and, it may be said, a sceptic by accident. He had thrown overboard all the religious dogmas of his time; but his emancipation had not the least tendency to make him distrustful of his own infallibility. He rejected creeds as emphatically as the most orthodox could affirm them; and though the number of articles in his own creed was very limited, he was quite as ready to upset the world in its name as if it had been far more amply furnished. His poetry, therefore, might suffer from the colourless character of his doctrines—as, in fact, one always feels after reading him the kind of giddiness caused by a stay in a highly rarefied

atmosphere; but his doubts did not tend to paralyse his sympathies, and to encourage intellectual or moral indifference. And therefore, though we feel that there is something unsubstantial and even radically unpoetical about the abstract theories which supply in him the place of a creed, his fervid imagination finds sufficient scope for the production of exquisite poetry. However flimsy and unsatisfactory the temple in which he worshipped, the hymns which he raises are not chilled by any doubts as to the worthiness of the object. We feel that if Shelley had been brought up under different conditions, he might have become an obedient follower of Southey, and have denounced the ferocity and materialism of the worst class of revolutionists quite as vigorously as he fell upon kings and priests.

Dogmatism, in short, in the sense of resolute adherence to one set of opinions, may be as easily on the conservative as on the destructive side; and it is often a mere accident whether it puts on the external form of revolt against established doctrines or of adherence to them; and whether, therefore, it goes by the name of scepticism or obstructiveness. Pure scepticism ought properly to be conservative, although it is a very dangerous ally. It might be a curious, but it would be rather a dangerous, question to ask how often it is to be found passing itself off for sound faith in the most respectable clothing. In this queer masquerade of life it is perhaps better not always to look too closely into things, or to inquire how often we might find a would-be Pope in the guise of a red-hot Radical, or the reverse and perhaps less respectable phenomenon. It is dangerous to lay down any confident rules, in a world so little governed by logic, as to the camps in which people may accidentally find themselves. Nobody, it is probable, would be more surprised than the persons themselves, if the true tendencies of every man's opinions were suddenly revealed to him. Our supposed allies would often prove to be enemies in disguise, and our enemies to be unconsciously playing into our hands. Mr. Mill pointed out to the Conservatives in the most epigrammatic of his speeches that they should not consider it an insult if the great force of human stupidity were reckoned as on their side of the question. Perhaps he himself was not entirely without support from the same element; and, in the same way, dogmatism and scepticism play strange pranks, and are often to be discovered where they would be least welcome if openly avowed.

#### SEAMEN AND OTHERS ON THEIR TRAVELS.

WHEN a boy of adventurous tastes and an inquiring turn of mind takes it into his head that he must see the world, he is pretty safe to decide upon going to sea. If his parents and guardians are amenable to reason, and dutifully consent to the gratification of his wishes, so much the better; if not, and if he has the makings of a man in him, he runs away. Such at least used to be the regular course of things in the nautical romances and dramas of an earlier school, when the author was in want of a dashing hero—privateersman, buccaneer, or seaman in Her Majesty's service. Such we believe to be still not unfrequently the course of things in actual life, and we fancy that the flower of the men in the Royal and mercantile marine, the pick of the English engineers and stokers who are looking after engine fires from the Poles to the Tropics, have been moved by their restless spirits to betake themselves to the professions they adorn. How far they find their hopes realized must always be matter of individual opinion; and whether or not their choice really repays them must be very much a question of temperament and intelligence. In one sense sailors certainly see a very great deal; in another sense they see next to nothing at all. It is true that they have constant change of scene and climate, if that is enough to content them. On one voyage they are running over troubled and turbid waters into masses of dense grey fog, while a rapidly falling thermometer indicates the close propinquity of icebergs. On the next they may be becalmed on a transparent sea of glittering steel under a sky of staring blue, in which the sun is glowing like a fire-ball. They may even enjoy the excitement of a shifting panorama of distant coast-lines, or be gratified by a faint series of dissolving views at each successive headland which they pass in the day-time. Now and again, after long weeks or months at sea, they are brought to an anchor or moored to a quay in front of some straggling agglomeration of buildings. Occasionally they disembark among such a cosmopolitan population as you may see everywhere from Liverpool to Hong Kong; and perhaps they may be congratulated on having fulfilled their destiny very much to their own satisfaction. But if they hold, in spite of experience, to their early idea of "seeing the world," we can scarcely imagine a more exasperating existence than theirs. For they are continually skirting the fringes of life; coasting a land of promise on which they are seldom suffered to set foot; while they are perpetually having their curiosity piqued by tantalizing glimpses of the mere outside of things. We have no idea that, in point of fact, the seaman's existence is often soured to him by any such irritating considerations. The changes he experiences and the sights he sees are quite sufficient to satisfy his cravings. A calling which on the whole is a healthy and cheery one keeps him in tip-top physical condition, and is strangely antipathetical to any morbid derangement of the mind or nerves. He learns to live in the day, and to take his life as it comes to him. He makes his ship his home, and whenever he leaves it to go ashore in a strange country, he feels as



much abroad as those veteran prisoners who lamented the familiar quarters they had to quit when the people of Paris demolished the Bastille. In nineteen cases out of twenty the ancient mariners who have repeatedly circumnavigated the world by instalments might impart the information they have accumulated almost as tersely as the old Indian General immortalized in the memoir prefixed to the *Ingoldsby Legends*, who condensed his impressions of everything—scenery, suttee, the caves of Elephanta, &c.—into the curt monosyllable “hot,” prefaced by qualifying adjectives of various degrees of intensity.

In the most out-of-the-way of seaports that make any pretensions to a speciality in the way of export trade you are as likely as not to come across a British seaman. You may be wandering at the back of the world, possibly in South America, like the lost heir of the Tichbornes, and in the course of your perambulations somewhere between the Cordilleras and the sea you arrive at a resting-place considerable enough to figure in capital letters in the school maps. Seen in the reality, it seems a heaven-abandoned spot enough, and the last place in the world likely to be visited by Englishmen. There is a curving line of storm-tossed breakers which must often swell into an impracticable barrier of surf; a strip of shelving beach to correspond, and a confused jumble of whitewashed, flat-roofed hovels which collapse periodically under earthquakes and tornadoes; while, towering behind the whole, there smoulders a burning mountain. But on making some casual inquiries of your innkeeper, you learn to your surprise that the British Government has subsidized a Vice-Consul, for the town does a considerable trade. It appears that there are mines in the mountains and some guano islands in the offing, while tons upon tons of rails and railway plant are being landed for a line in course of construction. So, if your necessities, pecuniary or other, should take you to the Vice-Consul's, you are pretty sure to run up against some broad-shouldered countryman, whose fresh-coloured face contrasts agreeably with the sallow features of the mongrel official who bows and scrapes to you. There is no mistaking either the Englishman's nationality or his occupation. He has brought his sturdy sea legs ashore with him, and rolls cheerily across the bleak white-washed little den when it is a question of a comparison of documents or setting his hand to a register. According to his social standing, as measured roughly by the tonnage and cargo of his vessel, he may be attired in a frock-coat and flowered satin waistcoat, or may be made all snug in a fur cap and a close-reefed pea-jacket. In any case his dress infallibly shows his supreme contempt for the climate, for the chances of a sunstroke, and for the fashions adopted by the natives. He eschews gingham and flimsy cottons, although the thermometer may be standing at anything you please, while the rarified air is like the breath of a blast furnace. He seems to avail himself of those scanty strips of shade in which the seasoned inhabitants delight. His business despatched with Her Majesty's representative, he is sorely put to it to kill the time; but, as the Vice-Consulate has been established on purpose for him, so some speculative citizen is sure to have provided him with a house of call. Thirsty of course he is, and small blame to him; and “partaking of refreshments” is at all times an unfailing resource. But he has no opinion of the drinks of the tropics, although he may have been persuaded to try them from motives of curiosity. He did once taste sangaree in the West Indies and pulque at Vera Cruz. Here he gulps down his rum and water, although his blood is simmering already, and abominably fiery the mixture is. No doubt many of his countrymen, in very different spheres of society and far more liberally educated, would carry their English likings about with them, just as he does. Do we not know how Indian officers swear by brandy as a wholesome stimulant, and do not the garrisons on the blazing Rock of Gibraltar swallow butts of burning sherry in midsummer?

Meanwhile the opportunities which our bored mariner is missing would stir the envy of many a member of the Scientific Societies. To say nothing of the botanizing to be done in the depths of some of the valleys, and the geology and rich mineralogy of the neighbouring sierra, hard by is one of the most famous *huacas* in all South America, teeming with the secrets of Pre-Inca civilization, and many of them to be got at by merely disturbing the soil. It is an extravagant supposition, of course, that our friend under any circumstances should go in for the archaeological or physical researches which would have tempted a Prescott or a Humboldt to take a fore-castle passage in his ship. But even in the greater cities with numerous attractions which are much more in his way, he leads the same self-contained life. He prolongs his stay ashore in them because he finds more pretentious establishments arranged expressly for his accommodation, where there is an agreeable society of gentlemen of his own class. In the little town under the Cordilleras the entertainment provided began and ended with the spirit-bottle. He had to pass the time in solitary drinking, unless he brought his first officer with him for company, nor was there a pipe or a screw of tobacco to be had for love or for money. In cities like Rio de Janeiro, Callao, or Vera Cruz, there are marine boarding-houses that are patronized almost entirely by merchant captains and supercargoes and the shipping clerks of the houses with which they come into contact. You can not only have “neat spirits,” but bitter ale and Guinness's stout, corned beef and pungent pickles, churchwarden pipes, and the choicest of Bristol birdseye. These boarding-houses are the last places in the city that the ordinary traveller is likely to be recommended to, for, if you have not come off a long sea-voyage, you lose your liking for these British

luxuries in the enervating atmosphere of the *tierra caliente*. But to the hearty, healthy, sociable sailors for whom they are intended they offer all that is most desirable. The guests strip to their shirts and pantaloons, and dine, drink, and smoke in their shirt-sleeves. They exchange the old familiar talk that passes current like well-used coin without losing perceptibly in the process, and they have little inducement to quit such good company. For of course they know nothing of the language, and next to nothing of the country or people. The scenery may be beautiful, and indeed they have surmised as much after taking a good stare at the beach through their telescopes; but they have never thought of getting a nearer view of it. So they sit on in the clouds of tobacco smoke in stifling billiard-rooms, instead of refreshing themselves in the balmy breeze of the evening with the beauties of the tropical gardens that girdle the city. As for brightening themselves and their ideas by mixing with the crowd of pleasure-seekers, they may go once in a way into the fashionable streets to have a good stare at the shop-windows, and to make some purchases to carry home for souvenirs. But the streets are very little to their taste; the inhabitants return their staring with interest; they strongly suspect that the shopkeepers swindle them first and mock them afterwards. Consequently they have fallen back on the sage philosophy of making the most of amusements which they know are congenial to them. So it comes about that the class cultivate a habit of apathy which has become a tradition with them. Exceptions there are; but, as a rule, it is a point of honour with them to show a polite indifference to all objects and considerations that are foreign to seafaring matters, and many a man has coasted the grandest scenery and the most interesting historical sights on the seaboard of the globe, without having acquired a single definite idea except as to the precise localities of lighthouses.

It is all very natural. If boys in a comparatively humble condition of life are caught early and shipped for sea, they can hardly be expected to develop any enthusiastic appreciation of the sublime and beautiful, or to have cultivated any regard for the sanctity of the hallowed associations in the world's history. When weathering the Horn, you think rather of the storms of wind and hail that come sweeping down upon you than of the picturesque mountain-tops round which they gather. Or, to come nearer home, a skipper navigating among the Isles of Greece, or working up “the Arches” past the plains of Ithium, is likely to know very little of Byron and still less of Homer. But do the ordinary run of our English tourists behave very differently, although most of them have been educated at excellent schools, and many of them have finished at the Universities? If they start on a summer tour up the Rhine and round by Switzerland, they herd with cockneys in British caravanserais, shunning all foreigners as if they were plague-stricken. They sit down to meals on deck in the very choicest of the scenery, turning their backs on the cliffs and the castles. Or, if they go south for a winter in Rome, how much time do they devote to its history, art, and archaeology? We are no advocates for cramming so many churches down against the grain in the course of a busy and mis-spent day; or for reeling off coloured canvases by the ell because they are labelled with the names of distinguished painters. But we think it is going to the opposite extreme when gentlemen live in the Eternal City precisely as they might do at Brighton or Boulogne; when they devote their mornings to exercise on horseback and a run with the hounds in the midst of a plurality of foxes; when they sit down of an afternoon to a rubber, if they do not feel equal to a stroll round the billiard-table; finishing with a dance that sends them to bed at the small hours of the morning. We can forgive a man a good deal of idling if he only shows from time to time a refined consciousness of his privileges, and exhibits a graceful sense of contrition, occasionally rising to remorse. But we confess we have no kind of toleration for the man who takes a pride in closing his eyes, and makes a blind dash after the phantom he calls pleasure through the thousand attractions for which less favoured mortals are sighing.

#### THE ANGELIC DOCTOR.

AN obscure paragraph in some of the daily papers, which may easily have escaped the notice of our readers, announced the other day that the sixcentenary of St. Thomas Aquinas had been observed, with a “triduo” of services and sermons, at the Roman Catholic monastery of Woodchester, in Gloucestershire. It is in fact just six hundred years since, at the early age of forty-eight, the “Angelic Doctor” rested from his life-long toils; and, little as his name may be familiar to the general public, it recalls an example and a period of intellectual energy which deserve, for many reasons, not to be forgotten or ignored. The time has passed by—thanks in great measure to the labours of German scholars of various schools of thought—when it was the fashion to pooh-pooh the schoolmen as a mere tribe of bigots or triflers. Nor will any competent critic be found at the present day to endorse the less extreme judgment of the brilliant, but not always exact, historian of *Latin Christianity*, who tells us that, amazing as are the monuments of scholastic learning, “the sole remnant to posterity is that barren amazement.” A writer so little open to any religious or ecclesiastical sympathies as the late Mr. Mill has pronounced a far juster verdict, and a better judge of the question than either Dean Milman or Mr. Mill, the lamented Professor

Shirley of Oxford, is more ungrudging and outspoken in his praise. He notes, indeed, what is obvious on the face of it, the seemingly impassable barrier which separates the scholastic from all other literature; but he adds that the vast tomes of the schoolmen not only bespeak an amount of literary toil rare in the most cultivated times, but also show a precision of thought and ability of logical analysis which may challenge comparison with the best works of the best ages of philosophy. And this is especially true of the second and greatest period of scholasticism to which Aquinas belongs. The volume by M. Hauréau, reviewed the other day in our columns, deals only with the earlier, and indeed mainly with what may be called the præ-scientific, period of mediæval theology intervening between the close of the patristic and the opening of the scholastic era, properly so-called, with St. Anselm, the father of Scholasticism. It is true that three authors belonging to that earlier period, Peter Lombard, Gratian, and Peter Comestor, were long considered to form a complete theological library, and that it includes the lifetime of the acute but sophistical Abelard. But the thirteenth century is beyond all comparison the golden age of Scholasticism, though in the fourteenth it still had some conspicuous names to show, as, for instance, that of Duns Scotus. And of all the celebrities of that age, there is not one to compete—few indeed of the leaders of thought in any age can compete—with St. Thomas Aquinas, “the angel of the schools.” That thirteenth century was marked, not only in literature, but in every sphere of active or artistic development, by a surprising efflorescence of intellectual and moral energy throughout Europe. The age of St. Thomas, as Bæreille has observed, was also the age of Innocent III., of St. Louis, of Albert the Great, of Roger Bacon, Giotto, and Dante. It witnessed the birth, not only of the *Summa Theologia*, but of the *Divina Commedia* and *Imitatio Christi*, and in architecture of the cathedrals of Cologne and Amiens, and the Sainte Chapelle. In that century the Universities of Oxford and Paris and the two great Orders of St. Dominic and St. Francis were founded; it was then that gunpowder was invented, the telescope discovered, and the laws of gravitation recognized, and then too the claims of political representation and national right extorted a public acknowledgment in the Magna Charta. Aquinas, “the most saintly of the learned and the most learned of the Saints,” was, like all great men, at once the child and the fashioner of his age. He helped both to check and to direct its movements, and an instinctive homage was paid to his commanding genius in the most opposite quarters.

Thomas was born in 1227, according to the most generally received reckoning, but whether at Aquino, Belcastro, or Rocca Secca, is still disputed. He was of noble blood on the side of both parents, nephew of Frederick Barbarossa and Henry IV., and cousin of Frederick II., and connected with the Royal Houses of Aragon, Sicily, and France. As with other men who afterwards became illustrious, various traditions surround the childhood of the future Saint. Before his birth a Dominican friar is said to have appeared to his mother Theodora, and told her that, though her child would be sent to Monte Cassino, in the hope of his obtaining the abbacy of that wealthy establishment, he would in fact become a brother and shining light of the Order of Preachers. What is more certain is that, when one of his infant sisters was sleeping by his side, she was struck dead by lightning while the boy remained uninjured in his nurse's arms. At five years old he was placed at Monte Cassino, then the most famous school of letters in Italy, and it is recorded that even then his constant question to his teachers was “What is God?” Later on he was sent to the University of Naples, where both the new Orders of Franciscans and Dominicans held theological chairs. Thomas attached himself to the latter, and at the age of sixteen asked to receive the habit of St. Dominic. His mother was furious. She followed him first to Naples, and then to Rome, and when the Dominicans sent him to Paris, she had him waylaid on the road, and for more than two years his relations kept him in confinement, and sought by every device of violence and seduction to withdraw him from his purpose. At last the Pope (Innocent IV.), and, at his instance, the Emperor, interfered, and the young novice was eventually allowed to return to his convent. The General of the Dominicans then took him first to Paris, and thence to Cologne, to study under Albert the Great. His biographers relate how, when approaching Paris, his companion asked him what he would give to be the king of that fair city, to which Thomas replied, “I had rather have St. Chrysostom's treatise on St. Matthew than be king of all France.” Albert, who was some thirty years older than Thomas, stands perhaps next to him among contemporary writers, though at a long interval. Like others, he at first thought his pupil dull and deficient, and at Cologne the future theologian got the sobriquet of *Bos Siculus*, but on better acquaintance his master exclaimed, “The youth whom we call ‘Dumb Ox’ will one day make the world resound with his bellowing.” And accordingly at twenty-two he was appointed Second Professor and Master of Students under Albert, and at that early age he composed his two first works, *De Ente et Essentia* and *De Principiis Naturæ*. Nor was he a mere student and recluse. We are told that, when he was preaching on the Passion in Lent, the whole congregation burst into a passion of tears, and at a later period, when Urban IV. sent him to preach in the cities of Italy, the churches could not hold the multitudes who flocked to hear him. And from all parts of Europe came letters from men of all classes—sovereigns, cardinals, bishops, professors, monks—asking his advice or solution of their difficulties. Some idea of the extent of his literary labours may

be formed from the fact that his Commentary on Grace alone fills over 1,250 pages of the large quarto edition printed in double columns. And the lucid style and arrangement of his works contrast remarkably with those of the earlier schoolmen. At the age of thirty he had attained the zenith of his powers and fame. In 1257 he took his doctor's degree at Paris, and in the same year composed his *Summa Contra Gentiles*, discussing the principles of natural and revealed religion, the origin and nature of evil, the falsehood of pantheism, the relations of reason and faith, and the existence of God. The philosophical form of the dogma of Transubstantiation, which had been defined shortly before his birth at the Fourth Lateran Council, was by general consent referred to him for decision and determined, in a Realistic sense, by his writings. It was at his suggestion that Urban IV. in 1254 instituted the festival of Corpus Christi, and the office for the feast, still preserved in the Roman Breviary, including the well known sacramental hymns *Pange lingua* and *Verbum Supernum prædians*, is his composition, as also the *Lauda Sion*, familiarized by Mendelssohn's music to modern ears. Urban was less fortunate in employing the services of the great theologian for the reconciliation of the Greek and Latin Churches, for his treatise *Contra Errores Græcorum* was entirely based on forged authorities, by which he as well as the Pope was deceived.

It was in 1265, at the ripe age of thirty-eight, that Thomas began his principal work, the *Summa Theologia*, which was left unfinished at his death. This is not the place to enter on a criticism of the great masterpiece of scholastic genius, nor can we do more than briefly indicate its contents. It comprises a complete system of natural and revealed theology, regarded both in its divine and human aspects. In the first part the author treats of God and the Creation. In the second part, which may be compared with the *Ethics* of Aristotle, and which is perhaps the most valuable as it is certainly the most original portion of the work, the whole theory of human nature and action is discussed, the passions, the habits of virtue and vice, and their relation to happiness as the final end of life, as also the theological virtues and moral law. The third part expounds the plan of redemption both on its objective and subjective side. Under this last head we are brought eventually to the doctrine of the seven sacraments, as the application of redeeming grace to the soul; and here, in the treatment of the fourth sacrament, of penance, the work was interrupted by the author's premature death. It was while writing this last article that he is said to have heard the approving voice from the crucifix, *Bene de Me scripsisti, Thomas, quam ergo mercedem accipies?* to which he replied, *Non aliam, Domine, nisi Teipsum*. At the Council of Trent the *Summa* was placed on a table in the midst by the side of the Scriptures and the decrees of Councils and Popes. In 1274 Gregory X. convoked the Second Council of Lyons with the view of reuniting the Greek and Latin Churches, and issued a special Bull directing Thomas to attend it. He prepared to obey the summons, but although he was still in the prime of manhood, his earthly work was done. Incessant mental toil had worn out what was never a robust frame, and at the Benedictine Abbey of Fossa Nuova his journey was stayed. There, after a few days' illness, he died on the 7th of March, 1274, and was buried in the conventual church. Nearly a century afterwards his body was carried to Toulouse, where it still rests. John XXII. had already canonized him. Titles of courtesy or honour, albeit endorsed by the sanction of a Papal Bull, do not always commend themselves to the judgment of the outer world, but no one who is even moderately acquainted with his unselfish character, blameless life, and splendid intellectual achievements, will grudge the Angelic Doctor the distinction awarded him by the reverence of six centuries. On the value of his philosophical and theological speculations opinions will necessarily differ, while much which in his day was accepted on all sides as axiomatic has been superseded by the wider knowledge and more searching criticism of a later age. The same might of course be said of Aristotle or Plato, and the name of Aquinas is not unworthy to be placed beside theirs. Of all the long line of Saints and doctors who figure in the Roman Calendar, and whose various claims on the devotion of the faithful are set forth in elaborate detail in the gigantic series of Bollandist biographies, there is none who has more nobly earned his place in the catalogue. We can hardly be surprised to find Bucer declaring that “but for Thomas he could overthrow the Church of Rome,” and Dante assigning him so high and exceptional a position in Paradise, above the reach of praise.

#### WOMEN'S WORK.

IN a letter which appeared a few days ago in the *Times* Miss Faithfull tells a story which has a melancholy moral. One of the men who advertise “home work” for ladies was detected by one of his victims, and received the punishment which he deserved. The case shows that a living may be made out of the natural desire of women to add to their means without going from home. There is certainly nothing surprising in the fact, when we think how great is the number of unemployed and half-employed women who are urgently in need of a little addition to their incomes, and who have a natural aversion to leaving their families. We cannot wonder at the result. Everybody has known poor widows left with children on their hands, and with just means enough to keep them out of the workhouse. They have to struggle desperately and painfully to prevent the breaking up of their little



households, and gradually learn the various arts by which a pittance may be extorted from the compassion of strangers or the languid goodwill of relations. Nothing can be more pathetic, or more deserving of sympathy, than such cases. Very likely there has been no gross neglect of prudential considerations. The intensity of the suffering shows that there is still a spirit of independence. If the unfortunate strugglers could give up their lingering desire for respectability, and consent to abandon their duties, they might find a refuge in the workhouse, or in some charitable institution. The sternest political economists may admit that in such cases a little help might be judiciously administered which should prevent, instead of encouraging, demoralization. It would of course be a most desirable thing to enable such sufferers to help themselves; and home work, if it were a possibility, would supply the want. A woman may have plenty of leisure at home, who yet cannot leave her home for the day without depriving her family of essential services. Such cases make it perfectly natural that there should be an urgent demand for home work; and, as we see, the demand is strong enough to be turned to account by impostors. Miss Faithfull, however, tells us, and she speaks with considerable authority, that home work is scarcely to be had. She says that "pride and prejudice," besides want of capital, prevent ladies from seeking employment, except by secret means; and she apparently infers that these bad qualities ought to be discouraged as much as possible.

In one sense, of course, we must agree with her without reserve. If ladies are really in want of work, the pride which prevents them from making their wants known is a false pride, and is very likely to lead them into scrapes. There is nothing wrong in the endeavour of a lady to support herself or her family, and the sooner we get rid of the silly superstition which imputes any discredit to the practice, the better for everybody concerned. We confess, however, that, with all due respect for Miss Faithfull's means of information, we should not have supposed this mistaken pride to be very common. The desire to keep up appearances is, indeed, common enough and mischievous enough in English families; and doubtless encourages this as well as other evils. But our experience has also shown us that there are many women who are only too anxious to make their wants known as widely as possible, who actually become a nuisance to their friends, and even to their friends' friends. Such women may, as we have suggested, have other reasons for desiring home work beyond the desire to keep the fact of their working secret. So long as it is considered to be a woman's province to attend to domestic duties there will be a natural desire to obtain home work. Not only widows with families, but daughters with incapable parents and elder sisters in large families, and women in many other relations in life, will be bound by strong ties to their homes, and yet have spare time on their hands for work. Miss Faithfull, however, assures us that the demand cannot be supplied. "Work at home," she says, "is an impossibility unless a woman has some special gifts. Artists and authors are the only men who can do their work at home, and women must be subject to the same conditions." No doubt there is a good deal of truth in this remark, and it explains incidentally one rather painful phenomenon. The number of women who try to do some sort of literary work is enormous, and we fear that it must be increasing. A lady does not like to take in washing or needlework, and indeed is generally incapable of either of those employments. She is, however, generally capable of writing in the schoolmaster's sense of the word, and naturally infers that she is also capable of writing in the literary sense. Shakespeare's trade, so far as it was observable from the outside, consisted in making a number of black marks upon white paper; and we have no doubt that many of his neighbours in Stratford-on-Avon considered that they could perform that operation with equal facility. The opinion certainly seems to be prevalent amongst a large class of ladies, and the quantity of works published gives a faint indication of the result. If the public could be aware of the very small proportion which the published matter bears to the vast quantities of manuscript never destined to be translated into print, they would have a startling revelation of the strength of the feminine desire for employment. The supply in this case undoubtedly outruns the demand, and we must admit that it is not very easy to suggest many other ways in which women can find profitable employment without more or less deserting the sphere of domestic duty. The question, indeed, deserves consideration by people who are anxious to improve the position of women, for there is no obvious reason why a good many subsidiary processes in many occupations should not be more or less carried on at home. The tendency of modern times to collect all labour into great masses has many palpable evils; and though we may admit that it is partly due to inevitable changes, we should not be disposed to sit down without an effort as in the face of an inexorable necessity. We hold that, if women can only be employed at the price of materially weakening domestic ties, the fact would supply a very strong argument against many attempts, otherwise very commendable, to provide a greater variety of occupations for women. Reformers would be doing better service by pointing out methods of reconciling the two spheres of duty than by dogmatically pronouncing them to be irreconcilable. The desire for work at home seems to be frequently legitimate, though it may sometimes also imply an excessive regard for appearances; and possibly it is within the limits of human ingenuity to discover means of partly supplying it.

On another point, however, Miss Faithfull speaks with undeniable

sense. She points out that women should abandon the "truly feminine notion" that they can jump into employment without previous training. Hundreds of women, she tells us, apply every week at the "Bureau" in Praed Street. When they are asked what they can do, they make a reply which reminds us of the formula employed by waiters at an ordinary British inn. To the question, What can I have for dinner? the stereotyped reply is, Whatever you please; under which must be understood the condition, So long as you are satisfied with chops or steaks. In like manner the ladies reply that they are ready for any employment, so long, that is, as the employment requires no knowledge and no skill. Any number of untrained women can be provided for any vacant posts; but it is very hard to find women who are fitted to fill them. It would be presumptuous in us to question the accuracy of Miss Faithfull's statement that this theory of the inutility of previous training is a "truly feminine notion." And yet we are strongly inclined to suggest that it might with almost equal propriety be called a truly British notion. Does it not, in fact, underlie a great many of our educational theories? We are slowly making a change in many departments of life, but it has still a wide popularity, and is even advocated as an elevating theory. People say, and rightly enough, that it would be a great pity to substitute a merely technical training for a system tending to a general cultivation of the intellect. To this doctrine we fully adhere; but we must admit that it is very frequently applied in a sense which depreciates the value of all special training. We used to hold, for example, that it was the special glory of a British officer that he was a gentleman before he was a soldier, and to infer that he ought not to be trained in professional knowledge. The ordinary British clergyman, again, learnt a certain quantity of Latin and Greek, and was then turned loose upon his parishioners and left to acquire such theological knowledge as he might fancy in the intervals of an active life. Barristers despised any instruction, with the exception of training in the rule of thumb; and men of business are still inclined to regard all general knowledge as a distinct disadvantage in practice. If the only question lay between an education which had no reference to a man's duties in after life, and an education which never lifted him above the immediate hand-to-mouth application of empirical rules, there might be a difficulty in deciding which was the less mischievous. We venture to think that the two systems may in time be combined, and that the human faculties may be developed in such a way as to cultivate special aptitudes without neglecting the acquisition of knowledge of no immediately utilitarian advantage.

We are perfectly ready, however, to admit that feminine education has been at least as useless as masculine, and decidedly more frivolous. The wretched girls who are turned out of school with a scanty provision of so-called accomplishments are too often as ill-fitted for domestic life as for profitable employments. The evil is not confined to any one class. There is abundant room for improvement amongst the middle and lower classes as well as amongst the higher. Children are turned out from National Schools with a scanty provision of superficial knowledge which is as useless for any of the practical wants of their lives as the more showy knowledge in which their betters are drilled, or by which, to speak more accurately, they are varnished. Whether women are hereafter to find their most appropriate sphere of action at home or abroad, we have no doubt that they might be infinitely better fitted for either class of duties by a more sensible and thorough system of education. This, indeed, is a very safe moral, and one which hardly anybody will be inclined to dispute. It may well be impressed upon us more strongly by such facts as those which Miss Faithfull mentions. Every year there are more women in want of employment, and it is to be hoped that in time we shall begin to think of fitting them for employment.

Meanwhile it is a fortunate circumstance that there is one kind of employment which it is proposed to throw open to women, and which, by general consent, needs no kind of education or training whatever. Indeed it has the peculiar merit that the less educated the person the greater the need of throwing it open to him or her. We refer, of course, to political life, in which it is difficult to say whether knowledge or ignorance gives the better qualification. If women show themselves capable of writing books and teaching schools, we are reminded that persons of such ability should be allowed to have as great an influence in the State as an ignorant voter. If, on the other hand, they show a tendency to take up the most violent and unreasoning lines of agitation, and to pursue them with the greatest indifference to argument, we are informed that the franchise is the best means of education; and that the degradation of a slave is the strongest reason for his emancipation. We fear that, in this case, it is not unlikely that the enfranchisement may precede the training; and as women are pronounced by their advocates to be incapable of all other employment by reason of their ignorance, it is some consolation to think that political employment will enable them to turn their abilities to good and wise purposes by its own efficacy.

#### THE BISHOPRIC OF BASEL.

WE were led a little time back through the ecclesiastical controversies in Germany to say somewhat about the history of the ecclesiastical divisions of that country, and to contrast their history with that of the ecclesiastical divisions of England and of France. We have now before us, in the *Bundesblatt, Feuille*

*Fédérale*, or official paper of the Swiss Confederation, the complete summary of the ecclesiastical controversies which have been going on since 1871 in the Swiss diocese of Basel. We must say that the official press is a little slow, as resolutions taken by the Federal Council on January 14th appear only in the *Bundesblatt* of March 7th. Still, better late than never, and it is a gain to get an official summary of disputes which we have heard about bit by bit for nearly three years. The whole controversy is very curious in itself, setting aside the present interest which it must have in the eyes of zealous partisans of either side. Those who are not in this way immediately interested may look on and see some attractive anomalies, historical, geographical, and constitutional, such as always suggest thought to those who study them.

First of all, let us remark that the present Bishopric of Basel has the least possible connexion with the ancient Bishopric which played its part in mediæval history, and which lasted, in a somewhat mutilated shape, down to the general smash of things. It is only by a figure of speech that Mgr. Eugène Lachat, who has been deposed, rightfully or wrongfully, by a body called the Diocesan Conference, can be called the successor of Bishop Henry of Neuchâtel, who, when he heard that his enemy Rudolf was chosen King, called on God to sit firm on his throne, lest Rudolf should strive to climb thither also ("Sitze fest, Gott der Herr, sonst wird Rudolf auch bald deinen Thron besteigen"). There is of course the great difference between old and new Bishops in those parts generally; namely, that the old Bishops were temporal Princes, while the new ones are very far from being anything of the kind. And moreover the possession of a temporal principality by the ancient Bishops is not without its effect on the controversies which are going on now. The old diocese of Basel, a diocese in the province of Besançon in the Kingdom of Burgundy, took in part of Elsass and part of what is now Switzerland, including of course the city which was the seat of the Bishopric. As usual, the Bishop was a temporal Prince within part of the territory subject to his spiritual jurisdiction. Before the Reformation he had lost all temporal authority in the city of Basel, which had become a free city and had joined itself to the Swiss Confederation. The Reformation deprived him of his spiritual authority in his former capital, and made him an exile from his cathedral church. But he still went on, both as Bishop and as Prince, in the small district known as the Bishopric of Basel, and of which we have lately heard a great deal by its new name of the Bernese Jura. The Bishops of Basel were allies of the Swiss Confederation, and, when things were recast in 1814-15, their former principality became an actual part of the Federal territory. By the arrangements then made it became part of the Canton of Bern. Divided from Bern by a mountain range, differing in language, differing in religion, having no historical associations in common with the Canton to which it was joined, the Bishopric of Basel was a most unnatural appendage to German and Protestant Bern. The district had formed a separate State; it was larger than several of the Cantons, and it should surely have been admitted into the Confederation as an independent member. But in the days of the Treaty of Vienna the notion of getting territory in compensation for other territory was still in men's minds, and as Bern had hopelessly lost Vaud, and as the Bishop of Basel was not to be set up again, Bern got his dominions to make up for the loss of Vaud. But it was not till 1828 that the new Bishopric of Basel was set up by a series of conventions between the See of Rome and the Cantons concerned. The new diocese was wholly Swiss, and took in the Cantons of Basel, Solothurn, Aargau, Thurgau, Zug, and Luzern. The greater part of the large district which formed the new diocese had never before had anything to do with the Bishops of Basel in any character. A large part of it, including Luzern and its renowned minster, had even been in another province, that of Mainz, as forming part of the diocese of Constance. Solothurn was in the same province of Besançon, but in a different diocese, that of Lausanne. And as the chair of the restored Bishopric was placed in the minster of St. Ursus at Solothurn, which thus became, in all but giving his title, his cathedral church, it would seem that it was only the clinging to an old name for a new thing which hindered the newly founded prelate from being called Bishop of Solothurn, instead of Bishop of Basel.

This is the new diocese whose affairs have lately caused so much stir, and in which so strong a measure as the deposition of the Bishop has been taken by the body called the Diocesan Conference. This is a body very different from the voluntary assemblies which bear that name among ourselves, and consists of representatives of the Governments of the Cantons which have joined in the foundation of the Bishopric. This body, though the majority of its members are Protestants, has a voice in the appointment of the Bishop, and it is thence somewhat oddly argued that it must have the power of deposing him. Moreover, the Canton of Aargau has passed a law for the separation of Church and State, and has withdrawn itself from the diocese of Basel. This means, we conceive, that the State, as a State, no longer recognizes the Bishop as an official person, leaving the Catholic body in the Canton, as an unestablished sect, to recognize what it pleases. Lastly, there are the acts of the Bernese Government in the Jura, of which a good deal has been heard. Out of all these affairs a good number of appeals to the Federal Council have naturally arisen, and the summary of them forms a kind of ecclesiastical history of the Bishopric of Basel for the last three years. We will give a short sketch of the chief points in them; but we will first set down two convictions of our own which have been strengthened by their study. The one is that the old Bishopric of Basel ought never to

have been made part of the Canton of Bern; the other is, that there was great wisdom in the primitive arrangement which made ecclesiastical and civil divisions always agree, and that there must always be great awkwardness when one ecclesiastical jurisdiction runs into the temporal jurisdiction of several independent States, whether those independent States be great Kingdoms or little Cantons.

It must be borne in mind through the whole matter that the Federal Constitution leaves strictly ecclesiastical questions to the Cantons. The Federal Constitution secures liberty of conscience; it guarantees freedom of worship, and forbids that any man, at all events any man of a recognized Christian confession, should be subject to any civil disqualification on the ground of his religion. But it leaves to the Cantons to establish and to endow, to disestablish and to disendow, at their good pleasure. The Federal power has no right to interfere in any ecclesiastical question, unless indeed the peace and security of the Confederation is threatened, or unless some act can be shown to have been done which involves a breach either of the Federal Constitution itself or of any of the cantonal constitutions which the Confederation has guaranteed. This almost amounts to saying that the Federal power cannot be made to interfere unless it chooses, and it is very plain that at this moment the Federal power has very little mind to interfere. We do not say that the Federal Council is disposed to treat its Catholic appellants with injustice. But it certainly seems disposed to mete out to them only the strictest and most literal justice. And one of its rulings might raise some curious questions. The relations between the Bishopric of Basel and the Cantons which form its diocese depend on certain conventions between those Cantons with one another and with the Pope, in the days before the present Constitution, made when the Cantons had the right of free diplomatic intercourse with foreign Powers. These conventions the Federal Council decides to be matters with which they have no concern—*res inter alios actæ*; they are not engagements entered into by the Confederation, nor are they in any way confirmed or guaranteed by the Confederation. In dealing with the Pope all this does not much matter, but supposing an international question with any other Power should arise out of an obligation contracted by a Canton in the old state of things, to whom have the obligations of that Canton passed now? The case is certainly not a likely one to happen, but it is theoretically possible.

Among the appeals with which the present Report deals, the first begins in the Canton of Aargau. In November 1871 the Legislature of that Canton decreed the separation of Church and State, the separation of the Canton as such from the Bishopric of Basel, and ordered among other things one which we should like to hear more about in detail. This is, that in all the schools of the Cantons religious instruction should be given in a form independent of all confessions—that is, in our own kindred jargon, in an undenominational form. On this the Swiss Bishops, through the Bishop of Sitten, send a memorial to the Federal Council praying that the Confederation will interfere to induce the authorities of Aargau to rescind the vote for the separation of Church and State, and to observe strictly the treaties touching the institution of the Bishopric. The Federal Council now makes answer that it can do nothing. In the separation of Church and State, the Canton of Aargau has not gone beyond its rights as a sovereign Canton, and the treaties about the diocese are *res inter alios actæ*, with which the Confederation has no concern.

Next comes an appeal from the Catholic Consistory in the Canton of Thurgau, claiming that the Canton should be represented in the Diocesan Conference by Catholic deputies of the choice of the Consistory, and no longer by deputies, Catholic or Protestant as might happen, named, it is not clear whether by the Legislature or by the Executive of the Canton, but in either case by the Canton as a State and not by the Catholic part of its inhabitants. This appeal again is rejected, and we hardly see how it could have been otherwise. For whatever may be the ideal right of the case, as a matter of fact it was the Canton as a Canton which had always acted in matters relating to the Bishopric. One might have said that it was only fair and decent to appoint Catholics only to sit on a body which has to deal with the internal affairs of their own religion, but the Federal Council does not sit to decide questions of fairness and decency, but questions of constitutional law.

Next come the documents dealing with the deposition of Bishop Lachat by the Diocesan Conference. This act took place on the 29th of January, 1873. By that act the see is declared vacant, Bishop Lachat is forbidden to exercise any episcopal function, the Governments of the Cantons concerned are invited to withhold the episcopal income, and the Government of Solothurn to look to the removal of the prelate from the episcopal palace. All this, to say the least, is rather a high-handed way of doing things on the part of a body whose competence was at any rate sure to be called in question, and it shows to our mind the awkwardness of a state of things in which the Bishop of Basel stands without any intelligible superiors, temporal or spiritual. Ecclesiastically he is immediately under the Pope, without any Metropolitan. As a man, he is doubtless subject to the laws of the Swiss Confederation and of the Canton of Solothurn. But, in what we may call the temporal side of his episcopal character, the check on him seems to lie only in this somewhat shadowy Diocesan Conference. This body professes to depose him from his Bishopric; but it is clear that zealous Catholics will not look on such a deposition as good for anything. And it is no less clear that the Conference cannot of itself stop the Bishop from his income, or drive him out of his palace, but can only ask the Cantons which have the power to do so. It is clear therefore that



such a deposition might, both from its spiritual and temporal side, remain a dead letter. Against this act it is not wonderful that a number of appeals should be made to the Council. The deposed prelate is naturally the first to appeal. He of course denies the authority of the Conference to depose him, and maintains that the acts of the Conference are further contrary to various articles, both of the Federal Constitution and of the Constitutions of the Cantons concerned, and that they are further in themselves null, as two of the Cantons which form part of the diocese, Luzern and Zug, have had no share in the act. The appeal of the Bishop himself is supported by a number of appeals from various Catholic bodies within the diocese, all protesting against the act. It is argued, for instance, that the deprivation of the Bishop by the Diocesan Conference violates the article of the Federal Constitution which forbids any man to be withdrawn from the jurisdiction of his natural judge. It is also argued that in the Cantons of Thurgau and Solothurn the deposition of the Bishop ought to have been put to a vote of the people. But the Federal Council argues that the act of the Diocesan Conference is not a judicial one, and therefore was not contrary to the clause of the Federal Constitution appealed to. And it argues that, as the Bishop was not deposed by an act of the great Councils of Thurgau or of Solothurn, it is not an act which can be brought to a vote of the people of those Cantons. In fact the long and acute arguments of the Federal Council all tend to the one conclusion that they have nothing to do with the matter, and that their only duty is to do nothing. We are far from saying that they are wrong, but we do say that the whole dispute shows how anomalous the whole state of things is. If the Federal power had direct jurisdiction in the matter, or if the diocese of Basel were confined to a single Canton, the course would be clear. There might be a struggle between Church and State, but there could be no question as to who represented the State. If a Bishop is deposed by Act of Parliament, here or in any other country which has a single Parliament co-extensive with the whole country, zealous churchmen may declare the act to be spiritually invalid, but there is no doubt as to its temporal effect. It is much less clear when a Bishop is deposed, not by the Legislature of any independent State, but by a Diocesan Conference made up of deputies from several independent States, and which does not seem to have ever received any commission to depose Bishops. All that the Federal Council was concerned to do was to oust their own jurisdiction, and this they have very successfully done. They were not called upon to say whether the acts complained of were right or wrong from any other point of view, and they therefore really leave the matter in as much confusion as they found it.

#### THE ORGAN OF THE ORTONS.

IT will readily be understood that "the greatest circulation in the world" is not to be supported by ordinary means. There are pushing publicans in low neighbourhoods who do not rely altogether on the fierce temptations of their vitriolized gin and hocus beer, but who make a point of having always some extra attraction on hand—a brass band for Saturday nights, a dwarf, or a fat girl, or some other monstrosity in the bar, or perhaps, if nothing better is to be had, a stuffed two-headed terrier in a glass-case. The *Daily Telegraph* would seem to be conducted on a similar principle. It appeals to a vulgar appetite for coarse and fiery sensationalism, and it is necessary therefore that the supply of sensations should be vigorously kept up. It must be admitted that these are at least forthcoming in sufficient variety. Now it is the "People's William," amid the glare of literary red-fire and Roman candles; now it is a notorious Parisian prostitute whose private life is flashed upon the public through the electric wire. Another day we have "the old savage of the desert," followed by the startling news of the fall of Khiva just a month or so before Khiva falls. Poor Madlle. Desclée on her bier is served up for the gratification of a diseased curiosity with as little compunction as Cora Pearl in her boudoir. Nothing is sacred, nothing respected, if only it can be made to answer the purposes of trade. A Correspondent sent down to Portsmouth to describe the arrival of the troops from Africa seizes upon "a lady in deep mourning, with a fair-haired girl all sable, save for the clean white pinafore," who comes silently down to her meals in the hotel where the Correspondent is staying. "There is no welcome for the soft-voiced lady, no kisses for the fair-haired child. She will see the old regiment march into barracks or to the station, hear the band play, and weep when the honest people shout. What can this poor creature be doing here? Why?"—and so on, with more in the same sickening strain. It is to be hoped that at least "the poor creature" did not attempt to divert her melancholy thoughts by reading the newspaper which gives the following graphic picture of Coomassie:—"A town over which the smell of death hangs everywhere, and pulsates on each sickly breath of wind—a town where here and there a vulture hops at one's very feet, too gorged to join the filthy flock preening itself on the gaunt dead trunks that line the road; where blood is plastered like a pitch coating over trees and floors and stools—blood of a thousand victims yearly renewed, whose headless bodies make common sport. At every shuddering breath the stomach turns, so pestilential is the air; but in this atmosphere the inhabitants pass their life. They eat heartily whilst human blood streams down the street, whilst bodies unburied bleach and swell before their eyes. The

sight they love is severed necks, and spouting blood, and corpses that line the road in a dead procession." We might say of this description, as the writer says of Coomassie, at every shuddering breath the stomach turns. It might almost have been written by a gorged vulture in a nightmare. Even the *Telegraph* itself, in its eagerness to pander to brutal tastes, has seldom produced anything more loathsome and disgusting. Some allowance, however, must be made for the present exigencies of that unhappy journal. It has lost the political idol on which it traded, and needs all its old savages and dead processions of swollen corpses to fill up the gap. The "People's William"—alas! no more the people's—has ceased to be of commercial value, and a substitute of some kind must be found.

This circumstance perhaps helps to explain why the Orton family have been added to the attractions of the *Telegraph*. The confidences of the late Cabinet are replaced by the confidences of Arthur Orton's brother and sisters; and the *Telegraph* apparently is only sorry that the prejudices of the Judges should have prevented it from becoming the organ of Arthur himself. "If," we are told, "public opinion had had its natural expression, as it has upon vital laws under debate, great social problems unsolved, and all the other matters where it is found to assist morality and right judgment, the case might have been cut short long ago, to the immense economy of public time and money; and Justice would not have sadly seen the instincts of uninformed persons going against facts." There can be no doubt what this means. The *Daily Telegraph* is—at least in the opinion of the *Daily Telegraph*—the natural expression of public opinion; and if it had only been allowed at the outset to "assist morality" in its own peculiar manner, the Tichborne case would have been very soon disposed of. "It is the one instance where the popular voice has gone wrong, and it is also the one instance in which it received no guidance and no help to discussion and decision from the press." It would no doubt be "an immense economy" if the courts of law could be abolished and the administration of justice left to the discretion of the newspapers. It would only be necessary for some public officer to observe what each of the papers said on any question which happened to be raised, to ascertain their respective circulation, and to make an award in accordance with the opinion expressed in the paper which sold the largest number of copies. It is worth while, however, to observe some of the possible consequences of such an arrangement. In the present instance the *Telegraph* has arrived at the conclusion that Arthur Orton is an impostor, and this is also the conclusion of the jury. It may be observed, however, that the fact that the *Telegraph* holds this opinion now, after the imposture has been completely exposed and Arthur Orton condemned, is by no means a guarantee that it would have been found on the same side if it had taken up the matter at the beginning, and evolved the truth from its own internal consciousness. Its sympathies, as it is perpetually boasting, are always on the popular side. The classes to whom it chiefly appeals to support its circulation are just the very people who used to cheer the Claimant; and it is easy to conceive how strong the temptation would have been to espouse the cause of the People's Roger. This would have been the popular side, and it would also have been the side out of which the greatest amount of sensation might have been extracted. It is a very tame business going over plain facts which, if looked at in a commonsense way, can only point to one conclusion. Nothing can be more commonplace than an infant heir's succeeding in a hum-drum way to an estate because it had fallen to his father after his uncle's death. The romantic improbabilities and impossibilities of the Claimant's story, the vicissitudes of his career, and the racy peculiarities of his own character, would, we fear, have been, for a mind constituted like that of the *Daily Telegraph*, a dangerous weight in the other scale. It is easy to see in which direction there would be the greater scope for powerful writing and for the excitement of public curiosity; and it is obvious that, if the *Telegraph* had quashed the Claimant at the outset, it would have deprived itself of an article of commerce which has probably been highly profitable to it during the last year or two.

On the whole, then, considering the ordinary tendencies of the *Telegraph*, its worship of notoriety, its systematic pandering to vulgar appetites and prejudices, and its reckless manufacture of sensations, it may perhaps be doubted whether it is quite certain that it would, if left to itself, have arrived at the conclusion which it now supports. In any case, however, nothing can be more certain than that, if discussion had been tolerated, the Claimant would have found support, if not in this, at least in some other newspaper or newspapers. There would have been papers taking each side, and day by day the question would have been complicated and obscured by inflammatory articles, and by assertions of so-called facts which eluded every kind of examination. The speeches which were made at the Claimant's meetings give some idea of the tone in which the controversy would have been conducted at least by one party, and there is no reason to suppose that the other would have altogether escaped the infection. The letters which the *Telegraph* has been publishing since the close of the recent trial illustrate in a striking manner what would have been the consequences of allowing public opinion "its free natural expression" during the course of the inquiry. This correspondence begins with a statement purporting to have been taken down from Charles Orton, in which he confirms the justice of the verdict on his brother, and explains his own relations with the latter. Charles Orton's cupidity appears to have been excited by learning that his sisters,

Mrs. Tredgett and Mrs. Jury, were receiving "their five pounds a month in a regular manner" on the understanding that they should "be careful and keep their own counsel." He wrote to his brother as Sir Roger, and assuming him to be a friend of Arthur Orton, asked for a little assistance. After an interval, during which he had made overtures to the other side through Mrs. Pittendreigh, he received a mysterious reply from Croydon—"Why should you injure one that never did harm to you? I shall send you in a day or two what you require. Desist"—this last word appearing in the place of a signature; and this was followed next day by a five-pound note, and a promise that it should be continued every month. It was while this subsidy was being regularly paid that Charles made an affidavit that Arthur was not his brother; but after a time the payments began to fall off, and when Arthur sailed for Chili, Charles, never expecting to see him return, thought that the moment had arrived for going over to the Tichborne family. He calculates that, taking it altogether, he did not receive more than eighteen shillings a week from Arthur, and in a second letter he states that he afterwards obtained for some time a pound a week from the other side, who have, however, refused to do anything more from him. Not content with denouncing his brother, Charles denounces his sisters too, asserting that they knew perfectly well who the Claimant was, and among themselves "never spoke of him but as Arthur." This accusation has brought forward the sisters in self-defence. Mrs. Jury denies everything Charles has said, except that he was on bad terms with his sisters, for which, she says, they can "give good reasons, not the least of which is his conduct in having lent himself to be the associate of detectives and others in sending into penal servitude for fourteen years a gentleman whom he knows to be no more his brother Arthur than he is himself, and which he does simply for money, being too lazy to work for his bread." Mrs. Tredgett is also very sorry to have to write as she does of her brother Charles—"so bad a son of so good a father"; but, she says, "I cannot find it in my heart to stand by and see a fellow-being thrust, as the Claimant is, into penal servitude for fourteen years as being my brother Arthur, when I well know he is not, without lifting up my voice against it, and against the brother whose conduct has helped to lead up to it." The Claimant's behaviour to herself and her sister was "that of a gentleman, and not such as an impostor would have used—even to his sisters." Mrs. Tredgett does not indicate how she thinks an impostor would be likely to treat his sisters, but it seems not improbable that he would think it necessary to pay them for their silence. Mrs. Tredgett is apparently under a misapprehension in supposing that Charles helped to bring about his brother's conviction; for he was not called as a witness, partly on account of his false affidavit, but chiefly because there was an overwhelming body of testimony without him. Since Mrs. Jury and Mrs. Tredgett have thought it worth while to vindicate their characters, it would have been interesting to know why they were not examined on behalf of the Claimant. The only explanation is either that they themselves were afraid to go into the witness-box, or that the Claimant's advisers were afraid to put them there. If they were as anxious as they say they were to save an innocent man, it is strange that they should have postponed their testimony in his favour until after his condemnation; but statements made in the witness-box might have involved responsibilities which do not attach to letters to the newspapers. Mrs. Pittendreigh also has joined in the correspondence. "There has been," she says, "no person whose name has been associated with the Tichborne case more cruelly calumniated than mine, and no person deserves it less"; but unfortunately she throws no light on the only point of interest with which she has been connected—the forged letters which were produced at the former trial; nor is it quite clear how she came to be connected both with the Ortons and the Tichborne family.

Now that it is known that the *Daily Telegraph* is holding an open court where any one can say anything he or she chooses, without fear of being cross-examined or prosecuted for perjury, it is possible that other persons besides the members of the Orton family will come forward to defend their conduct and to offer explanations. It is obvious, however, that all statements of this kind are simply worthless, being made without responsibility, and without being liable to the test of cross-examination. There is no reason to suppose that the *Daily Telegraph* is really foolish enough to believe that it is serving the ends of justice by publishing this correspondence, or that it has any object in view except to keep alive for a little while longer a profitable sensation. It enables us, however, to form some idea of what trial by the *Daily Telegraph* would amount to if it became an institution of the country.

#### INFANTRY TACTICS SINCE THE WAR.

WHATEVER may be thought of the cause, there is no doubt as to the fact, that one result of the great struggle of 1870-71 has been that its tactics have been looked upon as a completely fresh starting-point for further reforms in that branch of the art of war. It might naturally have been expected that this would rather have been the case with the Bohemian campaign of 1866, when the terrible power of the breechloader was first demonstrated at the cost of Benedek and his army. And the movement of which we are speaking did indeed in a sense begin soon after with the publication of the *Retrospect*. But the controversy which that famous essay aroused was not by any means concluded when the next war came; and although the spirit of its criticisms entered into and

influenced, perhaps unconsciously, every branch of the Prussian army, no actual embodiment of the new teaching had appeared at that time in the regulations of the service, nor was its truth admitted by those who had to superintend their working. Hence it is that the battles of Woerth and Spicheren were fought without any other guide than the Instructions of 1847, brought into more practical working by the experiences of 1866, which were rich no doubt in teachings of their own, but not wholly applicable to this new case where the fire of the needle-gun was overpowered by that of the Chassepot. Both victors and vanquished now avow that the circumstances carried them far beyond all existing forms when these were brought to the new and terrible test of breechloader fire. It is not surprising, therefore, that the Germans, in order to keep their place in advance of other tacticians, have already modified their drill practice. But the latest changes in their infantry instructions (of which Colonel Newdegate has given English readers an excellent account) are avowedly tentative, and therefore open to debate. Military reformers are almost invited, as it were, to speak out; and one at least has been found who desires to tread in the steps of Captain May, and to complete his work by advocating "Timely Alterations in the Drill Instructions" (*Zeitgemässe Veränderungen des Exercier-Reglements der Preussischen Infanterie*. Leipzig), very much in the sense in which that celebrated essayist wrote.

It must not be supposed that the mantle of the author of the *Retrospect* has wholly fallen on the anonymous pamphleteer who follows out his ideas. Readers of the *Zeitgemässe Veränderungen* will find in it but little trace of the vigorous imagery of the original reformer on whose work it builds. It is useful, however, as presenting in a clear but somewhat dry form the results of recent experience, as they are seen by the most numerous and not least intelligent class of officers who are personally concerned with them. A more general view of these results is best to be found in the work of Boguslawski. The present essayist, who writes anonymously, confines his attention solely to the work of the arm to which he belongs, and to the development of the special infantry tactics created by the war. He prefaces his study with some very plain, if not eloquent, observations on the conduct of matters in 1870, which may well account for his withholding his name. Whilst admitting the truth of the well-known military rule which guides such matters in Prussia, "Regulations should not be experimental, but the result of real experience," he points out that, although the army had had the special good fortune of success in 1864 and 1866, when the requisite trial was made of the working of those small tactical units known as company-columns, and first officially introduced in 1847, yet it was allowed to enter on its third war without any of the altered training to which the facts of the two former wars should have pointed. Hence it was compelled to fight in forms which had not been, as they should have been, made its second nature, but which (as the use of the company-column in manœuvring) were varied according to the commander's fancy with different bodies of troops; and as these, even thus freely treated, failed to meet the exigencies of the breechloader, it was driven to make new experiments in the field. The victories of the Germans were due, this critic declares, to their strategical leading and to the courage and energy of the troops, aided by the mistakes of the enemy; but no one can praise their tactical handling either in the mass or in detail. Indeed the extraordinary losses suffered, such as those at St. Privat, were really due to the lack of drill instructions suited to the time, and to the bad tactics which resulted from it. The Prussian army was compelled, just as was the French, to fight in quite another mode than that in which it had been trained; and every chief of a company or battalion had his own little method for the occasion. There is now, however, plenty of experience gathered. All points to an alteration of the forms in use, and the only question is in what direction and to what extent these shall be modernized.

Having thus, like his forerunner, prefaced his proposals with sharp criticisms on a successful campaign, the essayist applies himself to his real work. The rest of his treatise may naturally be divided into two parts. In the one he examines the tentative drill recently practised by the Prussian infantry, and in the other he puts forward his own scheme as a substitute for it.

In the first part he examines the method so much employed in the German army of using half-battalions at certain stages of a movement, and shows its defects, which are indeed usually admitted, since its use is rather the result of accident, arising out of the discovery that a battalion is too much for any one man to manage when the fire of the enemy compels him to dismount. The essayist has no difficulty in showing that this arrangement, with its two chance commanders acting under the battalion field-officer, is in every way tactically inferior to a proper use of the four companies individually under their regular chiefs. From this he passes to a detailed examination of the experimental drill tried last year, which consists, as to the first or real fighting line, of the two wing companies advanced in the normal division of skirmishers and supports, but the latter opened out, and these followed by the other two, acting together as a half-battalion in a column drawn up with increased distances between its sections. The second line, again, follows entirely in similar columns, or in line with intervals. These new formations of column and line are absolutely condemned, as rendering movements slow, and forming needlessly large marks for distant fire. There would be no necessity, it is pointed out, for using them if the revisers of the drill-book would take hold of the simple



truth that the day of battalion movements has gone by, and that the soldier should therefore be taught and trained entirely in the school of that company in which he invariably has to fight. Having led the way up to this conclusion, the writer goes on to suggest the few modifications which he proposes in company drill, and which consist, in fact, in making the present commanding officer of a battalion act as one at the head of several tactical units brought together, instead of regarding his charge as a single one to be temporarily separated on occasion.

It will be seen that in this respect he goes further than May, who, in his *Prussian Infantry* in 1869, advocated a new drill of his own, which was founded on the battalion. And as this second publication of his awakened much controversy when it appeared, it is as well to add here that the "open-order line" which he proposed, and which was so strongly objected to, was but a prophecy of the "firing-line" of the battles of 1870-71, on the use of which, as being the only possible form of attack with the breechloader, so much has been written recently. It must be said, however, that May did not discover that this would become, but one with the line of skirmishers, which in his proposal was retained for separate action in front of it. And the new essayist follows out his leading idea more logically than May, since he insists that the company, which facts have made the fighting unit—as the *Retrospect* pointed out after the war of 1866, and Von Moltke himself had indicated even before it—should also be made the unit for all training purposes, so that the practice of peace should be henceforth in thorough conformity with the facts of war, and the infantry soldier enter on his work in the field as something thoroughly familiar to him.

Whilst the German army is thus found engaged in critical examination of its past and experiments and projects for the future, it is natural to ask whether the same activity of thought is displayed by its late adversary. The answer is that, though much is and has been said in France of improved organization and modified tactics, hardly anything of a practical nature has been done in either direction. Officers of the more educated class do indeed meet for discussions, listen to lectures, and read eagerly the numerous translations of German books which the Paris press sends out, but there is no originality of thought anywhere apparent. No Frenchman, for example, appears to have put forth any essay as to new infantry tactics that has been as much read among his comrades as the Paris translation of Major Tellenbach's late lecture on the "Fighting of a Company in Loose Order." This remarkable study is devoted to suggestions for the practical working in the field of the new unit, and aims at giving at once more intelligence in the general direction, and freer scope to the powers of those who lead its component parts of sections and groups under the captain. The author's special object is to combat the notion of those who believe the day to be arriving when the battle of infantry will dissolve into a mere horde of active and intelligent skirmishers, fighting altogether independently, though influenced by some general direction. There is no possibility, he shows, of any such solution of the problem now before his comrades. The ideal of a tirailleur's tactics is individual action, no doubt; but it must be united with the greatest possible facility of directing the whole body. And, in proceeding to show that the company formation is the very best agency discoverable for this under present conditions, and in elaborating the means by which it may be used to the greatest effect by German officers, Major Tellenbach's lecture affords unconsciously a strong confirmation of the truth of the Leipsic essayist's theory already noticed, that the day is past for training infantry, save for mere parade purposes, in any other school than that of the company. The view of the latter writer, though he does not cite his original authority, as he might well have done, is in fact simply that the time has now arrived when May's predictions have become proved facts, and when his suggestions should be carried out to their logical results. But forms are ever more slow to change than the arms which they have been framed to use. The same spirit of conservatism that frowned on the *Retrospect* is still strong in the Prussian service. And the next war on which it enters may very probably find the Mauser rifle in each infantry soldier's hand, and the guns that cover him vastly improved on those of 1870, without the system of battalion manœuvres to which European armies are chained by tradition having disappeared before the progress of tactical reform.

#### PRINCE FLORESTAN.

A LITTLE book which has just been published under the title of the "*Fall of Prince Florestan of Monaco*, by Himself," would perhaps scarcely call for remark were it not for the strange parade with which it has been announced, the ridiculous rumours which have been circulated as to the supposed authorship, and the equally absurd praise which has been bestowed on a very mediocre production. "I am Prince Florestan of Wurtemberg"—so it begins—"born in 1850, and consequently now of the mature age of twenty-four. I might call myself 'Florestan II.,' but I think it better taste for a dethroned Prince, especially when he happens to be a Republican, to resume the name that is in reality his own." To give an air of reality to the narrative, it is prefaced by a sketch of Monaco Town, purporting to have been drawn by his Serene Highness himself, and a map of the principality; and the names of real persons are freely introduced. It is intimated that within the last few

months the then reigning Prince, Charles III., was persuaded by his only son, Prince Albert, to go to sea with him in his yacht for a brief cruise. It came on to blow hard that night, and nothing was heard of them again. Prince Albert's little boy, six years old, was proclaimed sovereign, and Florestan, son of the sister of the late Prince, found himself unexpectedly next heir to the throne of Monaco. A few days afterwards the young prince was thrown out of his carriage and killed on the spot, and the throne itself was now open to Florestan—"a half-Protestant, half-free-thinking, Republican, German, Cambridge undergraduate, suddenly called to rule despotically over a Catholic and Italian people." He tells us that he was thoroughly English in his ways, having been educated at Eton and Trinity. At Eton he had lived rather with the King's scholars than with his own natural allies, and at Cambridge his friendship was more in King's than in Third Trinity, and he joined the First Trinity Boat Club in order to avoid the exclusiveness of the Third. His opinions were those of universal negation. He had heard Mr. Seeley at the Union vindicate the Paris Commune, and had supported a motion for applying the surplus funds of the Society for the erection of statues of Mazzini in all the small villages of the West of England, which was carried, but neutralized by the fact that no surplus funds could be discovered. He had subscribed to the Women's Suffrage Association, to Mr. Bradlaugh's election expenses, to the Anti-Game-Law Association, and to the Education League. As a Republican he disliked Sir Charles Dilke, and cherished "the ordinary undergraduate detestation of Mr. Gladstone." "There were," he says, "no Liberals at Cambridge. We were all rank Republicans or champions of Right Divine." Mr. Disraeli was his admiration as a public man, because "in politics one always personally prefers one's opponents to one's friends." Under these circumstances a throne had no charm for him, and he would have gone to Monaco to proclaim a Republic if he had thought that the French would allow it. The next best thing was to exercise his sovereignty in the interests of Liberal progress, and his experiences in carrying out this design form the main subject of the story.

His first step was to put a stop to the minute personal supervision to which his people were subjected. The weekly reports informed him that on such a day a man named Marsan had called the carbineer Fissori a fool, that such a fishing-boat had gone out and such another come in, that a private in his guards had caught a cold in his head, and so on; and these absurd details disgusted him. "I gather," he told M. de Payan, his Minister, "from this tedious document that my principality of five thousand persons possesses every appliance and every excrescence of civilized government except a Parliament. The perfection of bureaucracy and of red tape has been reached in a territory one mile broad and four miles long. Centralization may be less hurtful than elsewhere in a country that is all centre; but I mean that this should cease." He ascertained that there were eleven hundred and sixty posts to fill in a country where there were only thirteen hundred grown male inhabitants, and that consequently many posts were filled by a single man. Public works were dealt with liberally by M. Blanc, as a part of his "concession" of gambling-tables, and from the same source the income of the Prince was largely aided. M. Blanc's enterprise excited his admiration; and, on visiting the Casino, he found the proprietor a little man in black, who, when a few years older, will be as like M. Thiers in person as he is already in tact, power of talk, decision of manner, and a total absence of fixed opinions. M. Blanc was amusing himself with a mild game of Patience—he never plays anything else, and knows sixty kinds. Florestan's idea was to turn the roulette revenue to account in making Monaco a Munich and Dresden all in one, with a gallery of the greatest modern paintings, a magnificent orchestra, a theatre of the first rank, and, in short, art in all its highest forms. He found M. Blanc hesitating whether English families would be most attracted to Monaco by pigeon-shooting or by an English church; but his choice was in favour of the former, on account of the opposition of the Jesuits to the church. Florestan told him never to mind the Jesuits; but M. Blanc, with a significant smile, remarked that he would sooner not go against them. The sagacious manager thought that the theatre, orchestra, and works of art might perhaps be made to pay; at any rate they were only matters of money; but over the reform of the army, of the Church, and of education, of which Florestan spoke, he shook his head. "Why trouble yourself?" he asked. "You are rich, and your people are contented." The commander of the forces did not relish the reform of the army. Père Pellico, the Jesuit priest who really ruled the country, had no objection to a national militia, but resisted any meddling with the Church or education. Dr. Coulon, the only Liberal in Monaco, sympathized with the Prince, but asked him how, as a democrat, he could think of imposing his will on the people in a matter on which they were unanimous. Père Pellico was in favour of a Parliament which he knew he could get elected to suit his views, or a plebiscite which he could dictate beforehand. "How liberal a politician can afford to be," thought Florestan, "when he has the people with him!" The only one of his reforms which was popular was the national army, which afforded all the young married men a weekly holiday away from their wives. An edict on the subject of education created much dissatisfaction, and an inopportune visit from General Garibaldi, who made a furious speech against the Pope, brought matters to a crisis. There was no alternative but to leave, and next day Florestan learned that the inhabitants had voted, with only one exception, in favour of annexation to France. The *Non* was M. Blanc, who,

as a Frenchman, had no right to vote at all. On his return to Cambridge the Prince finds himself at one with Mr. Freeman in thinking that a sudden breach in the continuity of national institutions is an evil, and that the more gently and warily the work is done the more likely it is to be lasting.

It will be seen that this is a not very wonderful squib on a somewhat hackneyed subject. It is the sort of thing which would make a reputation for a small college wit, but injustice has been done to it by the extravagant manner in which it has been put before the world. Even a really clever book would be almost certain, under such circumstances, to disappoint expectation; and *Prince Florestan* is rather smart than clever. A good deal of its fun borders upon impudence, while some of it passes decidedly over the line. To say, "I have seen many amusing sights in the course of my short life, I have seen an Anglican clergyman dance the *can-can*," is not exactly wit. If it is true it is hardly a joke, and if it is false it is also stupid. The introduction of real names betrays a prosaic mind and poverty of invention, and weakens instead of strengthening a fanciful tale. Reference to "a hall-porter as big as Mrs. Bischoffsheim's" may perhaps be supposed to supply that local colour which is so refreshing to some minds; but the story about the Duke of Cambridge, at p. 70, is simply a vulgar personality. The idea of the book, though not new, is a good one, and might have been worked out with much effect; but unfortunately it is treated in a weak and superficial way. The writer just sees his opportunities, but wants power to use them. He tells us that there is no moral to be drawn from the fall of Prince Florestan which is applicable to the present state of English politics; but possibly Mr. Gladstone's overthrow may be glanced at in the career of the headlong young despot who wishes to compel his people to be as democratic as himself whether they like it or not. It is also suggested that the best chance for Republicans is to leave religion alone. The author describes English constitutional Monarchy as a democratic Republic tempered by snobism and corruption, and expresses his preference for a "socialistic autocracy," provided you can secure the best of autocrats. On the whole, this satire appears to be wanting equally in philosophical depth and genuine humour. At the best it is a very moderate effort of undergraduate pleasantry, and nothing can be more ridiculous than the praises which have been lavished on it. The capacity of criticism in certain quarters may be measured by the fact of such a production being for a moment supposed to be by Mr. Matthew Arnold.

#### POPGUNS FOR TWO.

A NEW chapter has been added to the history of duelling. Honour has been satisfied among the pupils at Mr. Swift's school at Lincoln, and a jury have seen their way to a verdict of "Not guilty" in the trial which has arisen out of this duel. The prisoner was fourteen years of age. The weapon which he used was a pistol, such as is ordinarily sold at toy-shops for sixpence, and was meant to be used with caps only as a popgun. It appeared to be made of some brass material, and had a trigger. It was difficult to conceive, says a reporter of the trial, that any one should attempt to load it with powder and ball, and we should think that the danger of standing behind it when about to be discharged was greater than in front of it. The firearms supplied by English traders to savage races have considerable capacity for harming those who use them, and it is no disparagement of the gallantry or skill of our troops to suggest that probably a large percentage of Ashantees were killed or wounded by their own weapons. If, however, the parties in a duel are supplied with pistols equally liable to explode backwards, there is of course equal risk to both; and this would be perhaps a more satisfactory arrangement than the use of strong, but ill-made and erratic, weapons which would almost preclude the possibility of a second finding a safe place to stand in. It appears, indeed, that that which might have been expected from the use of sixpenny pistols did actually occur, except that one of the parties got it both ways from his own pistol and his adversary's, while the other escaped untouched. All the formalities were observed exactly as they are laid down in treatises on the subject. The seconds loaded the pistols. One of the seconds measured out thirteen paces. Two pegs were fixed in the ground, and a combatant placed himself at each peg. They both aimed. One of the seconds counted three and dropped a handkerchief, and both fired. Seagrave's pistol burst in his hand. He called out that he was hit and bleeding. The boys not actors in this drama were sitting in a row looking on. They tied handkerchiefs round the leg, and carried Seagrave home three miles to Lincoln. The other combatant, Burn, had made bullets in a mould. He had used one of the pistols before in firing at a post, so that he was seasoned to at least one-half of the danger of the actual duel. He had twice challenged Seagrave, saying after his first refusal that he was a coward, and showed a coward's spirit, but he would give him another chance for his honour. There had been a previous duel, in which another gentleman of ten years old cleared his honour. This "acting to be men," which ended so disastrously, took another and more harmless method. The same boys had played at being judge, counsel, and jury, and it would have been lucky if they had never used any more dangerous weapons than the tongue. Some quarrel arose out of this exhibition of manliness, and caused resort to another, in which not

only breath, but blood, was spent. Burn, who owned the pistols, appears to have instructed and encouraged the other boys in their use. Banks, who was ten years old, fought a duel with Dawson, at which Burn was present. A bullet grazed Banks's hand. "They did not think that the pistols would hurt, but thought they would hit." It was true that when Burn shot at the post the bullet went half an inch into the wood, but he was only two and a half yards from the post. It seems from the surgeon's evidence that a bullet must have gone half an inch or more into Seagrave's leg. He had been in some danger from the wound, but was expected to get well. The father of Burn deposed to his usually peaceable conduct, and the jury, probably to the satisfaction of themselves and everybody in Court, were able to arrive at a verdict of not guilty of shooting with intent to do grievous bodily harm. The play of judge and jury was converted, in the case of Burn, into a formidable reality, and we can only hope that the red gown and flowing wig of the Judge have produced a suitable impression upon the mind of the youthful prisoner.

The first and most obvious comment upon this case is that, if boys will fight at school, they had better fight with fists in a fair ring. We have heard indeed of "seminaries," or "establishments for young gentlemen," where there is no fighting, and no desire for it. Whether this delightful result is due to the character of the master or of the boys we do not know, nor do we greatly care, as, if real, we are sure that it is exceptional. Few fathers, if they were honest, would confess that they would wish their sons never to have fought at school; but certainly the introduction of pistols, and particularly of sixpenny ones, is alarming. This display of manly spirit in boys has occurred at a private school; but boys at public schools are not deficient in pugnacity, although it has not usually armed itself with any weapons beyond those which nature has supplied. The Report of the Public Schools Commission which deals with games, fagging, and flogging, is silent as to fighting, although the Commissioners must have remembered their own school days, and may have supposed that the nature of boys was not greatly changed. It was told of a schoolmaster of the barbaric eighteenth century that, if two boys were brought to him for fighting, he supplied each of them with a birch, and bade them lay on, adding that he would flog the boy that first gave in. This ingenious tyrant belonged to a species of schoolmaster now happily extinct. His successors probably avoid as far as possible knowing anything about the details of school fights, trusting to the supervision of the older boys or to some general regulations to prevent roughness degenerating into brutality. The force of "public opinion," even in a small private school, is shown by this Lincoln duel, and one of the best hopes of schoolmasters lies in giving to this public opinion a healthy tone. If a duel with sixpenny pistols could come to be regarded as a ridiculous burlesque of manliness, there would be little danger of bullet-wounds being given in the leg by way of satisfying honour.

This occurrence renders credible the stories of duels among women which writers on the subject have collected. The Duc de Richelieu caused a duel between two ladies through the blunder of his secretary, who appointed both to visit him at the same hour. The Marquise de Nesle, invited by her rival to fire first, only cut off a branch of a tree. Then the Comtesse de Polignac exclaimed, with the coolness of a bully, "Your hand trembles with passion," and, firing in her turn, cut off a small piece of the ear of the Marquise. Another duel between a dancer and a singer of the Opera in Paris was interrupted by the arrival on the ground of the lover about whom they had quarrelled. His impassioned oratory produced small effect, but luckily he managed to get hold of the pistols and drop them in a wet place. In some of the most bitter of these quarrels the combatants aimed with swords at their rivals' faces and bosoms. One lady actually fought a duel with her lover, although it is difficult to understand how he could have been induced to fight with her. Perhaps the so-called duel was like one of those brawls where all the beating is on one side. An actress of the time of Louis XIV. of France was an accomplished fencer, and bullied all men who dared not meet her. She must have been an awful tyrant of society. The greatest bully among men usually confines his outrages to his own sex, but this woman insulted other women, and if men took their part she made those men fight with her, and killed them. We believe that Lola Montez fought duels, and we are sure that, if she did not, it must have been for want of opportunity. A woman of good nerve might make a formidable antagonist with pistols, and even with the small sword skill would go far to supply the want of strength. According to the notions which formerly prevailed, the weakness of the weapons which were used by the two boys at Lincoln would rather have been a cause of danger. An experienced surgeon forty years ago advised against the practice of using a very small quantity of powder, which, as he complained, would not send a ball through a moderately thick gentleman. The ball would therefore stick in some place where it should not, to the extreme disadvantage of the patient and the great annoyance of the surgeon. "These things," he said, "should be altered with the present diffusion of knowledge." Speaking generally, if a ball goes into you, it had better come out again, although we, like Bob Acres, might feel a difficulty in believing that a ball could go clean through one and never do any harm at all. If the countrymen of Sir Lucius O'Trigger have a fault, it is that they are not well adapted as seconds to bring a "difficulty" to an amicable conclusion. There is a well-known story of an Irishman



who, much to his disappointment, had received from a gentleman to whom he was sent an apology of his own composition. However, he returned with the document to his principal, who remarked that the word "apology" was written with two p's. The Irishman insisted that this was right, and wanted to fight his principal upon the question. The boy Burn, who insisted on giving to Seagrave "another chance for his honour," would have become a celebrated duellist in the last century if he had not been killed out of it at a premature age. His presence at the Lincoln school seems to have operated like that of Sir Lucius O'Trigger at the Bath assemblies, and if he had not edged in words about honour and provided pistols, a farce which nearly ended tragically would not have been begun. There are not many records of duels between boys, but we read that an Irish child of six years was brought out "to see papa fight," which, considering that both principals and seconds engaged with pistols, and stray shots must have been flying about, was useful practice. It is easy to see from the example of this school that when once "public opinion" had been created in any society neither good sense nor morality could long stand against it. Among the men of our time the best security for abstinence from duelling is the dread of ridicule, but if public sentiment should alter, we doubt whether law would operate as a restraint. For one class of injuries there is indeed a remedy which did not exist formerly—we mean the Divorce Court.

#### THE THEATRES.

A NEW play by Mr. Tom Taylor, when he chooses to take the necessary trouble, is pretty certain to be successful. He has chosen an interesting period and has skilfully improved on history. The horror of Lord Clancarty, staunch Jacobite though he be, at the plot for assassinating King William III., and his warning to the King, are incidents which actually occurred, although Lord Clancarty was not the hero of them. He was married as a boy to a daughter of Lord Sunderland, parted from her at the church door, and never saw her again until he met her accidentally on coming to England as a Jacobite emissary. These facts are suitable for dramatic treatment. In the play the husband and wife, meeting as strangers, fall slightly in love with each other, and when Lady Clancarty learns that the handsome, gallant Captain Heseltine is her husband, she learns also that he is implicated in a conspiracy and liable to death. They meet only to part again immediately, and such an incident becomes, with good acting, powerfully affecting. It recalls, indeed, the pathetic lines in which another devoted follower of the Stuarts—the unfortunate Earl of Derwentwater—laments the cruel fate which sent him on his wedding-day to exile:—

The soldier from the war returns,  
And the merchant from the main,  
But I have parted from my love,  
And ne'er to meet again, my dear,  
And ne'er to meet again.

The plot for seizing and carrying away, or in other words for murdering, King William was actually conducted by Sir George Barclay under a commission from King James authorizing him to do "acts of hostility" against the Prince of Orange. Barclay crossed the Channel in a privateer which landed him at a desolate spot in Romney Marsh. Here a contraband traffic in French wares was briskly carried on; but the smugglers had discovered that of all cargoes a cargo of traitors paid best. The lonely house called the Hurst became the resort of men of rank and consideration who lodged there while waiting for a passage to France. The Duke of Berwick, the ablest and most devoted of the adherents of his father King James, was among the guests at the Hurst. Barclay, having been long absent from England, was personally unknown to those who were to be joined with him in the plot. He was directed to walk in the evening in the Piazza of Covent Garden with a handkerchief hanging from his pocket. It is difficult for us to realize such a state of things as having existed in England only two centuries ago. Treason and running cargoes have become equally obsolete, and the Sovereign neither dwells at Kensington nor hunts in Richmond Park. In the time of King William III. there was no bridge over the Thames between London and Kingston, and the King used to go in his coach, escorted by his Guards, through Turnham Green to the river, where he crossed, and found another coach and set of Guards waiting for him on the Surrey side. The return was made by the same route, and it was on the return that the Guards were to be attacked and overpowered, while Barclay, with eight trusty men, was to "levy war" immediately on the King's person. Meanwhile Berwick was in England, endeavouring to carry out a plan more suitable to the character of one of the first soldiers of that age. Men of rank and fortune assured him that they would draw their swords for their rightful King as soon as a French army landed, and Berwick assured them that a French army would be landed as soon as they had drawn their swords. It is not wonderful that, with two plots actually on foot, men were ready to imagine that every unusual circumstance indicated a fresh one. A silent morose person having been seen brooding over papers was arrested and carried before the Council. He stated that he was only a poor poet, whose tragedy had been rejected. The Council examined his manuscript, and returned it with the assurance that it contained no plot.

This is the state of things which Mr. Tom Taylor has represented in his play. The part which was really performed by a gentleman named Prendergast has been assigned by him to Lord Clancarty. This nobleman attempts to save the King without harming the conspirators. He goes to Kensington Palace, obtains an interview with the King, and warns him. The King perceives that this is a gentleman and soldier, and Lord Clancarty shows that he admires the General while rejecting the King. To the King's remark, "I never saw you before," he answers, "Neither I nor anybody else ever saw you behind." No English or Irish gentleman of that age, be his religion or politics what they might, could enter without respect the presence of "the asthmatic skeleton who covered the slow retreat of England" from the field of Landen. King William spoke English badly, and knew little, and cared less, about English sects and parties. But on two points he and his new subjects were always fully agreed. He and they loved racing well, and fighting better, and on the course at Newmarket, and in the trenches at Namur, he and they thoroughly enjoyed the sport. Hence the interview of King William and Lord Clancarty is true to nature and history, and with good writing and careful acting—and nothing can be better than Mr. Henry Neville's Clancarty—furnishes an effective scene. The success of Mr. Tom Taylor does not prove that an inferior artist might not have failed, but still it may at least be said that the materials for successful plays exist abundantly in English history, and the splendid accessories which modern taste demands cannot be better employed than in ornamenting a Court. The ladies-in-waiting on Princess Anne may wear any quantity of fine dresses without suggesting the remark that the manager depends on mere millinery for success. The arrest of Lord Clancarty in his wife's chamber by her brother, his condemnation, and his pardon by the King on the intercession of his wife, are all incidents of history, although the connexion of them with the Assassination Plot is imaginary. It need not be said that the scenes founded on these incidents become, with good acting—and they are well acted—strongly interesting, and the play is likely to bring prosperity to the Olympic Theatre. It is to be hoped that Mr. Tom Taylor will dig deeper into the same mine. If there has been of late years little talent devoted to dramatic writing, there has been less industry.

In striking contrast with this drama of the past is a drama of the immediate present, which has been produced at the Court Theatre. The character of Roaring Dick is as true to human nature in the nineteenth century as that of Lord Clancarty in the seventeenth. Indeed the same qualities which loved the chances and braved the perils of Jacobite conspiracy now exhibit themselves less nobly in the gambling and brawling of gold-mining in California. As there is no American land west of San Francisco, it is perhaps difficult to say where these qualities will find their next appropriate field, and it must be owned that if fighting in taverns be a necessary "institution" of a new country, the usages of the seventeenth century were preferable to those of our own time. The novel called *Ready-Money Mortiboy* has been converted into an effective drama in which the parts of Roaring Dick and his associate Lafleur are well sustained. Like King William III. and Sunderland, each member of this partnership has qualities which the other lacks. Lafleur has patience and skill at all games of cards, but he lacks the nerve of Mortiboy. He believes in his system, but does not scruple to assist its working by cards inserted in his sleeve. Mortiboy, playing a friendly game with his former partner, discovers and exposes this fraud, and Lafleur in revenge draws a revolver and shoots him dead. Such an incident has occurred frequently in Californian taverns, and by a permissible license it is represented as occurring between two returned gold-miners in England. Perhaps the nearest antitype of Roaring Dick in the seventeenth century will be found in the buccaneers of whom Scott has drawn so fine and faithful a picture in *Rokeby*. The friendship between ruffians capable of every crime, except breach of faith, belonged to both societies alike. Bertram, like Dick Mortiboy, was big, bold, and masterful, and although his vigorous nature had developed itself chiefly into robbery and murder, it is permissible to think that, if he had found a fortune of half a million awaiting him on his return home, he was capable of spending it like a gentleman, and even of falling in love with and wishing to marry a pretty cousin. Bertram's quarrel with Philip of Mortham rested, indeed, on the same ground as Lafleur's dissatisfaction with Dick Mortiboy. The only difference between the two stories is that in the second it is the burly strong ruffian who turns respectable and drops his slim pale associate of the Spanish main. Bertram

Thought on Darien's desert pale,  
Where death bestrides the evening gale.

He remembered that he had saved Mortham's life, and also that he had been driven from Mortham's house, and he shot Mortham in the press of battle on Marston Moor. Lafleur shoots Dick in his own room. The speech of Dick Mortiboy at the children's feast, however shocking to the respected Vicar of the parish, was replete with practical sagacity. "Children," says he, "you've got to be discontented." Indeed, the fame, power, and position of England are due to her discontented children. It is to be feared that the teaching of the Church Catechism alone would neither have carried Drake round Cape Horn nor Livingstone to the great river Lualaba. We may indeed suppose that these leaders of exploration by sea and land obeyed a divine impulse equally with the ploughmen and delvers who sleep in the churchyard of their own parish. It would be more to our immediate purpose to observe that, if there were no discontented children, there would be no adventures in

real life to supply materials for dramatic composition. The dangerous doctrines of Dick Mortiboy are, however, necessarily limited in their practical application. When a farmer asks him what could be done without labourers, he answers that not ten per cent. of the children to whom he spoke would have the pluck when they became men to emigrate. Ninety per cent. would remain to grow corn and weave cloth, not perhaps contented, but submissive. The select few of bolder spirits and more active bodies make our voyages of discovery, our wars, our history, and lastly the materials for our dramatic literature.

## REVIEWS.

### CURTIVS'S HISTORY OF GREECE.—VOL. V.\*

MR. WARD has now translated Curtius's History as far as Curtius has written it himself—that is, down to what he calls "the Last Struggle for Independence." This means the struggle of Demosthenes against Philip. Let us begin by saying that the last chapter of this volume, the chapter which records this struggle, is, setting aside the geographical and other general chapters in which Curtius is all himself, incomparably the best part of the book. It is the best piece of narrative that he has written. Every one will remember that this part of the history is not Mr. Grote's strongest point. But the whole Macedonian time is Bishop Thirlwall's strongest point, and he and Curtius come here into natural competition. We wonder whether Curtius has read Thirlwall. His references to English works, save now and then to Grote, are of the very rarest, and form a marked contrast to Bishop Thirlwall's constant references to German works in days when German was a tongue much less known in England than it is now. Anyhow, at this stage Thirlwall and Curtius are the two narratives to compare. In the earlier stages of the Philippic story, the Amphipolitan, Olynthian, and Phokian stages, Curtius's narrative seemed to us, not perhaps positively heavy and feeble, but heavy and feeble compared with the narrative of the Bishop. In the last stage of all it is no longer so. In the story of Amphissa and Chaironeia the English writer does not fall below his former level, except so far as he is at any time more at home in describing a negotiation than a battle; but the German writer decidedly rises above his. In this part of his work Curtius shows a life, vigour, and power which is quite new to him, and he carries us on with him in a way in which we do not remember his doing so in any other strictly narrative part of his work. He and Bishop Thirlwall agree in doing justice to the Athenian side, and yet not doing injustice to the Macedonian side; this Mr. Grote was too exclusively and devotedly Athenian to do. Never has Demosthenes been more worthily dealt with than he is here dealt with by Curtius, nor have the position and designs of Philip ever been better set forth. Curtius thoroughly understands both Philip's position with regard to Greece generally and his special position with regard to Athens, and this Mr. Grote did not, because he could not. Mr. Grote could not fully understand Philip's position, for the same reason that Demosthenes could not understand it; Thirlwall and Curtius, while yielding not one jot to Grote in admiration for Athens and Demosthenes, can see the other side of the case too. They can see that, though Philip put an end to the greatness and independence of the Athenian democracy, yet still he was not a mere barbarian destroyer—that his position with regard to Greece is something very different from the position of Darius and Xerxes. The scheme of Darius and Xerxes was to make Greece a satrapy of a barbarian kingdom. The scheme of Philip was to transfer to himself, as the King of a Greek State, the same kind of supremacy which had in earlier times been held or claimed by the great cities of Greece in turn, by Argos, Sparta, Athens, and Thebes. Philip would make himself, like Agamemnon, the Bretwalda of Hellas, and would, in that character, go forth against the barbarians of the East. The practical differences between such a supremacy as this when held by a Greek city and when held by a Macedonian King are plain upon the surface. To go no further, in the hands of the Macedonian King it was sure to be far more steady and lasting. The position itself, however, is one which Grote does not understand, but which Thirlwall and Curtius do.

But when we find Curtius so well understanding the state of things at the time when he leaves off, it makes us only the more wonder why he should have left off at that time. In the general history of the world, as distinguished from the political history of Athens, the Macedonian supremacy in Greece is not an end but a beginning. It is the beginning of a new life, of a new dominion on the part of the Greek mind. When Philip overthrew Athens and Thebes at Chaironeia, it was as little the end of Greek history as it was the end of Roman history when Alaric entered the Salarian gate. In both cases what seemed to be the ending of the old life was only the beginning of the new. No History of Greece which has yet been written has even tried to show the connexion of Grecian history with universal history at this end. But Curtius, if he really stops where he stops as yet, is further from doing it than anybody else. It shows strange blindness in a political History of Greece as distinguished from a political History of Athens only, wholly to leave out the Federal period, the tale of

which Bishop Thirlwall has told with great clearness, and which, since he wrote, has not lacked expounders either in Germany or in England. Mr. Grote's contempt for the Greece of Polybios is, if not justifiable, at least intelligible; in Curtius we do not understand it. But Curtius winds up even sooner than Mr. Grote, for while Curtius stops at Chaironeia, Mr. Grote does go on to Demétrios Poliorkétès. In so doing Mr. Grote, if he does not record the last struggles of Greece for independence, does at least record the last struggles of Athens for independence. But even setting aside Achaian revival, we cannot understand how Curtius can call the war of Chaironeia the last struggle for Greek independence, when there are still before him the driving out of the Macedonians from Thebes, the war of Agis, and the Lamian war. It is especially strange in Curtius, who is so careful to connect his subject with general history at the other end, that he should wind up his work, if he really means to do so, at a point which makes a natural ending for a chapter or a volume, but which certainly makes no ending at all for the whole history. Curtius is, beyond everybody else, the historian not so much of Greek politics and warfare, as of Greek art, Greek culture, and Greek life generally. It is strange that he of all men should stop at a time when, if Greek political feeling received a deadly blow, general Greek culture received a new start, and began the conquest of a new and almost boundless dominion. We have said over and over again that in dealing with the internal politics of Athens Curtius is not happy; but we have also said over and over again that in his pictures of general Athenian culture and life he is eminently happy. We should have liked to have more sketches of the same kind from his hand. He fails in his conception of the city democracy of Athens; if he went on further, we suspect that he would fail in his conception of the Federal democracy of Achaia; but we can conceive no man more highly qualified to give us a picture of Antioch and Alexandria in the days of their glory, and to compare the art and intellect of Hellas in its native home by the Ilissos with the same art and intellect when transplanted to the banks of the Orontes and the Nile.

The present volume is strictly, like the less fittingly called compendium of Justin, an *Historia Philippica*. It takes in the reign of Philip, with such other matters as are needed to make the reign of Philip understood. Among these is naturally the geography of Macedonia and the growth of the kingdom up to Philip's time, done, as such a subject was sure to be done, in Curtius's best manner. We have too a picture of "the policy and intellectual life of Athens up to the beginning of the public career of Demosthenes." Here we think that Curtius would have done better if he had kept the literary and artistic part more distinct from the political and military. There is no denying that the political and military history of the time—say from the death of Epameinondas to Philip's siege of Olynthos—is not an attractive time. It is a dull time in itself, and there are no good materials for writing its history. We have no contemporary narrative, we have hardly any consecutive narrative except in the stupid Diodoros, and we do not get the full advantage of the Greek orators till a little later. And even when we get to the great orators, it needs a very skilful hand to steer us through all the details of their contradictory statements and abuse of one another. Bishop Thirlwall, as we have already implied, has done this more effectually than either of his successors. But the time is a time of great intellectual activity, though, as in public life the military and political departments were fast parting off from one another, so merely intellectual activity was largely parting off from both. Demosthenes himself showed one side of this separation. He took his place as a soldier in the ranks, but no one would have thought of setting him to command the warlike expeditions which he so earnestly called on the people to undertake. In the men who had lived on from an earlier age the division of labour which characterizes the time comes out yet more strongly. Plato and Isocrates are men born within a few years either way of the death of Pericles, but who lived on into the thick of the days of Philip—Isocrates indeed almost to the end of Philip's days. But in the days of the childhood or even the youth of Isocrates a man could not have won fame by writing political pamphlets in the form of speeches, speeches which every one knew were never meant to be spoken, but were simply meant to be read. It is curious to read Curtius's character of Isocrates. He sees his weaknesses, but still, after summing them all up, it is somewhat mild to say that he was "not a man equal to the highest demands of his age." Under the strong hand of Bishop Thirlwall the amiable dreamer comes off somewhat worse. In his contemporary Plato we get a further step in the divorce between speculative and practical life. Isocrates makes a part, whatever we hold to be the value of that part, in the political history of Greece. Plato lives altogether outside that political history. He lives far more outside of it even than his own master Socrates, who, if he had never talked a word of philosophy, would still have deserved to be remembered as the honest citizen who refused to put an illegal motion in the Assembly, who actually refused to obey the illegal bidding of the Thirty. In fact, we are half startled at finding the name of Plato at all in a chapter whose pages are headed the "Policy of Athens." The little that he has to do with the practical life is rather to be looked for in the history of Syracuse. On the whole this second picture which Curtius has drawn of the general life of Athens strikes us as hardly so successful as the earlier one. It drags a little in reading; the whole life of the volume seems to be kept for, and to come out in, the last chapter.

\* *The History of Greece*. By Professor Dr. Ernst Curtius. Translated by Adolphus William Ward, M.A. Vol. V. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1873.



We will not go much into matters of detail, but we cannot help remarking that Curtius is, as in so many other things, quite præ-Grotian in his notions of the *Theōrikon* or festival fund. Mr. Grote understands as well as any man what the abuses of that fund were against which Demosthenes had to struggle, but he brings out, as no one had brought out before him, what was the real nature of the fund itself. It was, as he somewhat daringly puts it, the "church fund of Athens." He likens the proposal to employ it for military purposes to a proposal in a modern State so to apply the funds commonly voted for public worship. Like most other analogies, the analogy is not perfectly exact, but it brings strongly out what ought never to be forgotten, the essentially religious character of the fund. Now, before Mr. Grote wrote, it was quite pardonable not to understand this. But it is too bad when a scholar who has, or ought to have, Grote open before him can calmly write sentences like these:—

A merry life for the people is the most important of all considerations; and to procure the means requisite for this is the first and most serious task of a conscientious statesman. It is as if in a monarchy the principle were asserted, that the income of the state is in the first instance designed to defray the court-festivals, court hunting-parties, and other amusements of the sovereign, while what is left over must suffice for the requirements of the commonwealth. Only, of course, a principle so utterly repugnant to the essential idea of a state is but rarely put forward and carried out with so charmingly simple an openness as it was by Eubulus.

Now the Athenians even under Eubulus were not absolutely fools, and moreover we hold that Curtius is unduly hard on Eubulus, who does not seem to us to be anything worse than a commonplace conservative politician. The comparison which Curtius makes is bad in every way. The royal chapel would really be a nearer parallel than the royal hunting parties, but in the whole analogy Curtius is seemingly misled by those rhetorical passages of orators and poets which, with great truth from one point of view, speak of the Athenian Demos as King or tyrant. But a Court hunting party, or a Court chapel, or a Court anything else, can have no real analogy with the *Theōrikon*, because the Court festivity, of whatever kind, is in its own nature a thing in which only a few people can share, while the *Theōrikon* was in its nature a thing which the whole people shared. The whole notion of this *Theōrikon* springs from that agreeable connexion, or rather identity, between devotion and festivity which was so characteristic a part of the Greek religion. It was doubtless a great point that the people should have a merry life, but it was because the merrier they were the more pious they were, the merrier they were the better the gods would be pleased, and the more would the city flourish under their protection. All this Curtius puts out of sight, and, in putting it out of sight, he puts out of sight the peculiar difficulties under which Demosthenes lay when he proposed to make changes in the matter of the *Theōrikon*, the cautious way in which he approached the subject, and the special daring which was needed by the man who approached it at all. Curtius does not in this case put things into Mr. Grote's mouth which Mr. Grote never said, but he writes an important piece of history on which Mr. Grote has thrown special light as if Mr. Grote had never written it at all. This is not the way in which history should be written. And now, as we have fully admitted all along the great merits of many parts of Curtius's book, we must again raise our final protest against the new light displacing either of our own old ones. We can conceive no man better fitted than Curtius to put forth admirable essays or lectures on many detached points of Grecian history; but the political history of the Greek commonwealths was work for another and a stronger hand. It was work, not for a traveller or a professor, but for the man who was all the better Radical member for the City of London because he was preparing to be the historian of the Athenian democracy, who was all the better historian of the Athenian democracy because he had been the Radical member for the City of London.

Of Mr. Ward's translation we have spoken so often that we need hardly say much again. On the whole there are now fewer strangely arranged sentences, fewer strange combinations of words, than in the earlier parts of the work; but we still have had sometimes to look to the original in order to make out the meaning of the translation. We will notice only one case which has constantly struck us through this volume. Curtius, naturally and fairly enough, constantly talks of the Athenian Demos as the *Bürgerchaft* or body of citizens; this Mr. Ward constantly translates "civic community," as in other compounds of *Bürger* and *Bund*, he constantly uses the adjectives "civic" and "federal." We fully grant the great difficulty of translating many of the compound words which give such power to German, as to Greek, political language. But Mr. Ward's version of them often gives quite another idea from the original. The cause of all this is, as we have often said before, that Mr. Ward really knows the German language too well to translate well out of it. While we have been reading his translation of Curtius, we have been looking at some parts of Dr. Ihne's translation of himself, where the German writer reproduces his own work in English with which Mr. Ward's will not bear comparison. But this is just because Dr. Ihne is dealing with his own work, which he may treat as he pleases. Mr. Ward is bound to translate somehow. Dr. Ihne, if he finds it hard to translate, is not bound to translate at all, but may reproduce it in any shape that he thinks good. We are glad that Mr. Ward has got to the end of his present task; we wish to see him at work on something better than translating anything. He has the stuff in him to win a place in the first rank of living historians, and we should be well pleased

to think that he is engaged on something in which his wonderful knowledge of the language, the literature, and the history of Germany may be a help, and not, as in this case it has proved, a hindrance.

#### QUATRE-vingt-TREIZE.\*

THE wonderful and tempestuous genius of M. Victor Hugo has again found scope in a theme perhaps more suited to it than any on which it has been exercised since the masterpiece of *Les Misérables*. In dealing with these critical episodes of the French Revolution the poet-novelist is on his own ground. M. Victor Hugo's assurance that his father served against the insurgents of La Vendée may not induce us to accept with perfectly unqualified faith his account of the subterranean habits, mysterious communications, and generally superhuman capacities for brigandage of the Vendean peasantry; and even his own intimate knowledge of Paris can hardly warrant more than a presumption that anything he tells us of the Paris of 1793 will be at least possible. But still he is addressing his countrymen on matters in which they have a common national interest with him, and for the knowledge of which abundant materials exist. There is happily no chance in this case of performing any such strange feats of learning as in *L'Homme qui rit*, where M. Victor Hugo's researches among English institutions led him to the discovery that a Wapentake is a terrible officer of justice, armed with an instrument called "the iron-weapon." Not that the eccentricities which are familiar to readers of his previous works are by any means absent in this book. We shall presently see that there are quite enough of them. But they are not of the gross and glaring kind which made his last work unworthy of him, and there is promise of their being more than counterbalanced by the fruits of the true power which has obviously not deserted him. We say "promise," for we have not before us the full plan of the work. These three volumes are entitled "Premier récit." What more is to come we know not; but we may conjecture that the whole will be on something like the scale of *Les Misérables*. In that case the same general effect may perhaps be repeated. In *Les Misérables* there are extraordinary digressions—technical, topographical, historical, and what not; tedious dialogues, gratuitous horrors, and impossible incidents. But the force and volume of the whole carry off all this and more which would break down an ordinary romance; and the result of all the strange elements thrown together in seeming confusion is a prose epic. M. Victor Hugo's genius is volcanic. When he works on a great scale his blemishes are the scoriae of a lava-stream. But it does not follow that on a smaller scale the blemishes have only the same proportional effect. The minor operations of volcanic forces may send up nothing but hot water and mud. At present we find that in *Quatre-vingt-treize* there is a somewhat unreasonable proportion of dross and extraneous matter. Any less daring or less discursive writer would have brought the book within half its present length. But the first two or three volumes of *Les Misérables* taken by themselves would produce much the same effect; and in these circumstances our first general impression must needs be only provisional.

In the various chapters of these volumes all M. Victor Hugo's characteristics are to be found in detail. The words which he himself applies to the Convention are precisely fitted to express his own eminence and his own faults—"Rien de plus difforme et de plus sublime." The parallel goes further; for, as he observes on the same subject, the deformities are obvious on any near and partial inspection, while the grandeur only comes out afterwards in a comprehensive view. Hence the critic of M. Victor Hugo's writings has a somewhat invidious task; for particular objections which show their own grounds must have more weight in proportion than a general admiration which assumes the reader's confidence.

The persons of the romance may be divided into two classes. There are some of an ideal kind, whose doings furnish the framework of the story, and who serve as pegs for the author to hang various sentiments and speculations upon. There are others of a less ambitious but more human kind, for whom M. Victor Hugo may not have intended us to care so much, but for whom, in fact, we care most. To take the real people first, they consist principally of three children named René-Jean, Gros-Alain, and Georgette, who in the first chapter are found wandering helplessly with their mother, driven from her home by the war, and Sergeant Radoub, of the Paris battalion Bonnet-Rouge, in command of the party who find them. They are solemnly adopted by the battalion on this wise:—

Une veuve, trois orphelins, la fuite, l'abandon, la solitude, la guerre grondante tout autour de l'horizon, la faim, la soif, pas d'autre nourriture que l'herbe, pas d'autre toit que le ciel.

Le sergent s'approcha de la femme et fixa ses yeux sur l'enfant qui tétait. La petite quitta le sein, tourna doucement la tête, regarda avec ses belles prunelles bleues l'effrayante face velue, hérissée et fauve qui se penchait sur elle, et se mit à sourire.

Le sergent se redressa et l'on vit une grosse larme rouler sur sa joue et s'arrêter au bout de sa moustache comme une perle.

Il éleva la voix.

— Camarades, de tout ça je conclus que le bataillon va devenir père. Est-ce convenu? Nous adoptons ces trois enfants-là.

— Vive la République! crièrent les grenadiers.

— C'est dit, fit le sergent.

Et il étendit les deux mains au-dessus de la mère et des enfants.

— Voilà, dit-il, les enfants du bataillon du Bonnet-Rouge.

\* Victor Hugo—*Quatre-vingt-treize*. Premier récit. La guerre civile. Paris: Michel Lévy frères. 1874.

La vivandière sauta de joie.

— Trois têtes dans un bonnet, cria-t-elle.

Puis elle éclata en sanglots, embrassa éperdument la pauvre veuve et lui dit :

— Comme la petite a déjà l'air gamine !

— Vive la République ! répétaient les soldats.

Et le sergent dit à la mère :

— Venez, citoyenne.

The whole of this chapter is in the author's most charming and natural manner, for M. Victor Hugo when he pleases is the most natural of writers. We see no more of them till the third volume, when they are the hostages of a small band of Vendean desperadoes besieged by the French troops in a solitary castle. There is a description of their childish play which, if not very material to the narrative, is anyhow a welcome relief to the grotesque horrors which the author has thought fit to accumulate at that part of the book. In particular there is a chapter quaintly headed "Le Massacre de Saint-Barthélemy," which shows how, being left alone with a unique edition of the apocryphal Gospel of St. Bartholomew—which, by the way, gives occasion for one of M. Victor Hugo's alarming exhibitions of learning—they most innocently pull it to pieces. They are finally restored to their mother and to the battalion. As for Sergeant Radoub, he is a brave and honest fellow and, to judge by the opinion he delivers at a court-martial presently to be mentioned, the only one of the grown-up people to whom the general intoxication of the year '93 has left any common sense.

The persons who are not human are the following:—The Marquis de Lantenac, who comes from Jersey to take command of the Vendean revolt, and is besieged in his own ancestral tower. He it is who, after having escaped with the remnant of his followers, comes back alone to rescue the children from the conflagration in which they had been left to perish. The scene is one of M. Victor Hugo's finest; but it is unfortunate that he could not somehow contrive to make Lantenac ignorant of the original diabolical plan, which one would hope even infuriated and bigoted rebels would not be capable of conceiving. Then comes Gauvain, great-nephew of Lantenac, commander of a national expeditionary force which besieges the tower. Lastly, Cimourdain, formerly a priest and tutor to Gauvain, now attached to his command as delegate of the Committee of Public Safety. He is in a sort the leader of the club of extreme politicians known as the *Évêché*, and the chiefs of the Mountain look on him with respect. So far as we have been able to ascertain, all these persons are fictitious, although Cimourdain is introduced with various traits and circumstances which look as if they were borrowed from some actual biography. As for the probability of their conduct as told in the story, let a very short account suffice. On board the vessel in which Lantenac is conveyed to Brittany a gun breaks loose from its lashings. The results are of the most alarming kind; whether they would be such in fact we do not stop to inquire, especially as we are here overwhelmed with a whole vocabulary of marine terms of art on which even M. Littré throws no light, and the very magnitude of M. V. Hugo's assumptions of special knowledge makes it impossible for any mortal critic to test them. However, the man who was answerable for the gun not having been properly secured undertakes to capture it, and does so after a terrific combat. The Marquis calls up all hands, and proceeds first to decorate the man with the cross of St. Louis for his bravery, and then to have him shot for his negligence.

Now we come to Gauvain and Cimourdain. Gauvain is the only creature for whom Cimourdain has a personal affection; and it must be said that there are lucid intervals in which he appears as a real and lovable person. Cimourdain has saved his pupil's life in illness in old days, and by a somewhat superfluous stroke of art he is made to save it again in fight at the very moment when he rejoins him. At the end of the book Lantenac saves the children, at the risk to himself of falling into the hands of the Republicans. Cimourdain has been sent from Paris on purpose to have Lantenac guillotined, and is about to proceed to that operation; but Gauvain, after a sharp conflict of motives, contrives his ancestor's escape. Thereupon Cimourdain sits in court-martial upon Gauvain, the court being composed of himself, a commissioned officer, and Sergeant Radoub, and condemns him to death by a casting vote, Sergeant Radoub emphatically dissenting, and observing, not without reason, "Je n'aime pas les choses qui ont l'inconvénient de faire qu'on ne sait plus du tout où on en est." After which Cimourdain has a solitary interview with Gauvain, and they discuss the prospects of the Revolution with great tranquillity and satisfaction, though with certain theoretical differences. Next morning Gauvain is duly guillotined and Cimourdain shoots himself. And so ends the last volume. If this incident were the work of any other man than M. Victor Hugo, we should take it as a malicious allegory of the sort of benefits mankind have to expect from the practical application of such ideas as those ascribed to Cimourdain. But the author has laid one scene at Paris, and has thereby found occasion to discourse at large and without any allegories upon the significance of the year 1793. This portion of M. Victor Hugo's romance, like many chapters of *Les Misérables*, is, in truth, in the ambit of the romance, to use a convenient legal metaphor, without being really parcel of it. But it is too prominent and characteristic to be neglected, and we reserve it, together with sundry minor points of execution, to be dealt with in a separate notice.

#### THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.\*

THIS little volume—"brief memoir," as the author calls it—is a *réchauffé*, with some new ingredients, of an article in the *Quarterly Review* of January 1873, bearing the title "Unpublished Letters of the Princess Charlotte." It was not stated in the *Quarterly* to whom the letters were addressed, but Lady Rose Weigall, having now revealed herself as the writer of the article, says that they were addressed to her mother, the late Countess of Westmoreland, who, as a girl, Miss Wellesley, was companion and playmate of the young Princess Charlotte, and who became the Princess's most intimate and confidential friend. The letters begin in 1813, after Miss Wellesley had married Lord Burghersh, and the last was written within a few days of the Princess's sad and untimely death. The new ingredients in the volume are materials supplied by Her Majesty (what, is not stated), a series of letters from 1798 to 1804 written by the Princess's aunt, the Queen of Wurtemberg, to Lady Elgin, the Princess's governess, and also letters of Miss Hayman, who was the Princess's sub-governess for a few months in 1797 when the Princess was only in her second year, and who was afterwards in the service of the Princess of Wales.

The unhappy marriage of the future George IV. with Princess Caroline of Brunswick doomed the Princess Charlotte, their offspring, to misery from her cradle. The parents were formally separated very soon after the birth of the Princess, which was at Carlton House, on January 7, 1796. The Princess of Wales was to retain her apartments at Carlton House, with free access to the infant. Lady Elgin, as governess, was at the head of the nursery establishment, and superintended everything; she was the medium of communication between the Prince and Princess. The Princess of Wales had a villa at Charlton, near Blackheath, but came constantly to see her daughter:—

In these early days—the summer of 1797—the Princess of Wales was constantly backwards and forwards between Charlton and Carlton House, coming most days to play with her daughter, either in Miss Hayman's room or in the nursery; but never encountering or holding any sort of communication with the Prince, who, on his part, avoided the nursery, most likely through fear of meeting her.

The Prince, having the child in the same house with him, saw very little of her. Miss Hayman writes, June 7, 1797:—

The Prince's time for seeing the child is when dressing, or at breakfast. . . . He has not been up here, having dropped that custom many months, nor has he sent for the child or seen it since the birthday, but he was some days out of town. I do not often know whether he is at home or abroad.

Here is an amusing extract from a letter of Miss Hayman, of the same year, telling how the child in her second year mimicked Canning:—

Princess Charlotte is very delightful, and tears her caps with showing me how Mr. Canning takes off his hat to her as he rides in the Park, and I hold her up at the summer-house window.

In 1804, when the Princess was eight years old, Lady Elgin resigned her post, and was succeeded by Lady de Clifford. About this time the Prince of Wales proposed to place the education of the Princess under the control of his father, George III., who upheld the cause of the Princess of Wales and doted on the Princess Charlotte. The young Princess was now sent to Windsor to be under the eye of the King. The Prince of Wales, caring nothing himself about seeing his daughter, was very jealous of her intercourse with her mother, and visits from and to the mother were made rare. The father of the Princess of Wales, the Duke of Brunswick, lost his life at Jena, in 1806, and her mother then came to live in England, and settled herself near her daughter at Blackheath. It was then arranged that the Princess Charlotte should go once a week, on Saturdays, to the house of the Duchess of Brunswick, and there see her mother. The Princess of Wales thus wrote to Miss Hayman in a letter of 1807:—

On Saturdays my daughter comes at three o'clock to dine with my mother, when company is always asked to meet her, consisting of old and steady people. At four o'clock I appear; at six Charlotte leaves us.

These short Saturday visits to her mother were the chief, if not the sole, enjoyments of the child's existence. She loved her mother. "It is quite charming," wrote George III., February 25, 1805, "to see the Princess and her child together." In 1811 George's III.'s insanity and the Regency of the Prince of Wales affected the Princess Charlotte's position for the worse. The King had sympathized with the two Princesses, mother and daughter; the Queen's feelings were the other way. She leaned to the Prince of Wales. The young Princess's life became harder and gloomier. We quote from Lady Rose Weigall:—

A main part of this pernicious policy was to keep the young Princess secluded from the world. The Regent had reason to fear that her appearance in public would give a fresh stimulus to the widespread feeling in favour of herself and her mother, and render him proportionately more unpopular. He was further bent upon avoiding everything which could look like a recognition of her as the heir-presumptive to the Crown, probably hoping that by the death of his wife, or by a divorce, he might hereafter have a son through a second marriage, and shut out the daughter of his detested consort from the throne. . . . The Princess Charlotte was regarded as a rival to be suppressed, rather than as a future sovereign who was to be trained for her imperial office. Past fifteen at the commencement of the Regency, and precocious of her age, she, on her side, was fully alive to the importance of her position, and to the determination of her father to ignore it. The attempt to deprive her of her privileges rendered her trebly tenacious of them, and, apart from the desire to assert her rights, there were

\* A Brief Memoir of the Princess Charlotte of Wales; with Selections from her Correspondence and other Unpublished Papers. By the Lady Rose Weigall. London: John Murray. 1874.



times when she had the eager longing of a girl to break loose from her gloomy bondage, and taste the pleasures, magnified by imagination, of society in its pomp.

When the Princess was nearly seventeen, Lady de Clifford retired from her post of governess, and was succeeded by the Duchess of Leeds. On Lady de Clifford's retirement the Princess had hoped that a change might be made in her establishment, that she might be allowed a "Lady of the Bedchamber," instead of being continued under a "governess," and that she might be allowed to "come out." She wrote to her father requesting these things. The letter made him furious; he immediately posted down to Windsor, taking the Lord Chancellor (Eldon) with him; and there, in the presence of the Queen and his sister Princesses, the Regent and the Chancellor scolded the Princess "for the enormity of her demands, pretty much as a couple of angry nurses might scold a child of four years old." So writes Lady Rose Weigall. Miss Knight, who now became sub-governess, has in her "Autobiography" given the following account of Lord Chancellor Eldon's lecture:—

Before her Majesty, Princess Mary, and Lady de Clifford, in a very rough manner, the learned Lord expounded the law of England as not affording her Royal Highness what she demanded; and on the Prince's asking what he would have done as a father, he is said to have answered, "If she had been my daughter, I would have locked her up." Princess Charlotte heard this with great dignity, and answered not a word; but she afterwards went into the room of one of her aunts, burst into tears, and exclaimed, "What would the King say if he could know that his granddaughter had been compared to the granddaughter of a collier."—Miss Knight's *Autobiography*, vol. i. p. 184.

Lady Rose Weigall relates the same incident less circumstantially:—

Princess Charlotte, with all her impulsiveness, had the self-command to remain silent under the storm of abuse. It was not till she reached her own room that she burst into tears, and broke out into complaints of the indignity put upon her by her father, who, not content with rating her himself, had brought the Lord Chancellor to back him up, and suffered him to address her in unmeasured language. Always zealous to propitiate the reigning power, Lord Eldon forgot the decorum which was due to a lady, let alone the respect which was due to the heir-presumptive to the throne.

The Prince Regent moved his daughter from Windsor to London, and established her at Warwick House, close to Carlton House, and immediately under his eye. She was permitted to continue visits to her mother, now living at Kensington, but orders were given to her attendants never to leave her alone with her mother. In December 1813, just as the Princess was reaching the completion of her eighteenth year, her father made up a match for her with the hereditary Prince of Orange. His object was to get his daughter out of England. The Princess wrote to Lady Burghersh, about the middle of December, telling how she had been hurried into an engagement; and, in her unhappy position, no wonder that she hurriedly caught at a chance of emancipation from her father:—

On Friday night the Prince of Orange arrived in England; the Prince (Regent) wished excessively I should see him, which I agreed to. On Sunday evening I dined at Carlton House to meet him with a small party—the Castlereaghs, Liverpools, Lord Bathurst, two Fagels, besides the Duchess of Leeds, and myself and the Duke of Clarence. During the evening I was called out to say what I thought of him, and, in short, to decide in his favour or not, on so short an acquaintance. However, I decided, and in his favour; we are fiancé, or promis, therefore, on his return from Holland. I confess I was more agitated than I can express at the whole proceeding. The Prince was so much affected himself, but so happy, that it has quite appeared to me since like a dream! He was with me Monday and yesterday, when I took leave of him, as he is off to-day for Holland, and will not be able to return before spring. He thinks about April, when he will go to Berlin and bring over his family here for a short time. He told me yesterday what has cut me to the heart nearly, that he expected and wished me to go abroad with him afterwards to Holland, but that I should have a home here and there, and be constantly coming backwards and forwards; that he wished me to go to Berlin, and travel in different parts of Germany. He was all kindness, I must say; at the same time, as he told me, it should never prevent my seeing and having my friends with me as much as ever I liked; that he should be happy if they would all go with me, or else come and see me; his anxious wish, I must say, is to do what I like as much as possible to make me happy, and study everything that can make me so.

By a refinement of cruelty the Princess was ordered not to tell her mother of her engagement. She wrote to Lady Burghersh, February 14, two months after it:—

I was allowed to go to Connaught Place [her mother's house] on the 7th of last month [her birthday], but not to dine there. My birthday was kept quietly at home, and, except for a few *cadeaux*, totally neglected. I thought she [her mother] looked ill and grown thin, and her spirits wretchedly bad: since then I have not been. The interdiction as to my informing her has not been taken off; but I have broken through it, as I could not endure her being the last to be told of what so nearly affected her child. I wrote the other day to her, and her answer was better than I had hoped to receive, as I happen to know, from the best authority, that she did not like it. It was short, and very good-natured to me. That is over . . .

A week afterwards the interdiction was removed; but, as we have seen, the Princess's filial instinct had anticipated the permission to tell her mother. She wrote to her friend, February 26:—

The interdiction has at last been taken off my tongue. Lord Liverpool was with me the other day, to say I might now write and inform the Princess of it, as it was no longer to be kept secret, and it would be strange if she were not the first informed of it. Indeed, Lord Clancarty, at the Hague, had orders to send over a person of high rank to ask me for the Hereditary, and as he was either on his way or soon would be, I might tell it to whom I liked; and as to all future arrangements, I should be informed of them hereafter. As you may believe and suppose, from the moment it was talked of here so universally I could not, in delicacy of feeling, keep it from my mother, and therefore what I wrote afterwards in consequence of this permission, was for form's sake. It went off better than I expected, for

I had both a kind and good-humoured letter on it, which I communicated to higher powers [her father], and in a few days I propose going to see her, which will be proper, as I have not done so since my marriage being announced to her.

Time, which brought reflection, fixed and intensified the determination of the Princess to remain free as to going abroad with the Prince of Orange. As heir to the Dutch throne he would be compelled to live in Holland; she, on the other hand, was heir-presumptive to the throne of England, and conflicting duties might, and probably would, call on her to remain here; and, constitutional questions apart, her heart was in England and with her mother, near whom she wished to stay, and personal feeling and affection were embarked in her resolute advocacy of perfect freedom to decide for herself, after her marriage, as to going abroad with the Prince of Orange. She soon found after her hurried engagement that, though esteeming the Prince, she did not love him; there was therefore no passion to restrain her from pressing what she believed to be a legitimate and proper demand. A long correspondence ensued, which Lady Rose Weigall publishes *in extenso*; the marriage was on the point of being broken off; at last the Prince of Orange's father was called in by the Prince Regent to settle the matter; and it was settled in accordance with the Princess Charlotte's wishes. The Princess had shortly before written the following admirable letter to the Prince of Orange, after receiving a letter from Lord Liverpool, the Prime Minister, refusing to advise the Prince Regent to comply with her wishes:—

Warwick House: Monday, May 9, 1814.

My dear William,—It is with the deepest regret that I have received the enclosed letter from Lord Liverpool, which, unless you have influence enough to make them alter their opinions, puts an end I fear to an alliance I had every reason to expect would have insured my happiness, and which from the very high opinion I shall ever entertain of you, I shall not cease to regret if broken off; and I regret it the more as I feel persuaded that if there had been any inclination to conciliate on the part of Ministers it might have been obviated. I have at least the satisfaction of feeling perfectly sure that it is not owing to either you or myself, this unlooked-for termination. With every sentiment of regard and friendship, believe me,

CHARLOTTE.

The difficulty as to foreign residence got over, and the Princess having entirely her own way, all seemed settled and the marriage a certainty. But discussions and dissensions arose on other matters, and the Princess had not come to love the Prince of Orange. The Prince stood in fear of the Prince Regent and wished to humour him. He did not acquiesce in the Princess's wishes and intentions as to treating her mother as her mother, and ignoring her parents' quarrels. There arose a little trumpery quarrel, on which the Princess finally broke off the match. "The Princess Charlotte," says Lady Rose, "wanted the Prince of Orange to ride with her in the riding-house. He started objections, and she reproached him, till, annoyed at her vehemence and pertinacity, he left her to recover her temper. The climax had come, and in the evening she wrote peremptorily to say that their engagement must cease." And so it was. It did cease. The Prince of Orange was taken by surprise, but the Princess was determined.

The Prince Regent was furious at his daughter's conduct, but could not help himself. In anger he appeared at Warwick House, July 12, 1814, and announced to his daughter that all her attendants would be dismissed that evening and replaced by strangers. "The Princess controlled herself while she remained in her father's presence, but the instant she could escape she rushed to her own room, put on her bonnet, ran into the street, hailed a hackney-coach, and drove off to her mother's house in Connaught Place." Lady Rose Weigall proceeds:—

When the Princess Charlotte's flight from Warwick House was discovered, her friend Miss Mercer, who was present and had heard her utter some disjointed exclamation about going to her mother, set off with the Bishop of Salisbury to Connaught Place, and sent back word to inform Miss Knight of the result. The good lady followed with the Princess's maid and some clothes, and found her at dinner with her mother, her mother's lady-in-waiting, and Miss Mercer. Meantime the Regent had called on Lord Liverpool, Lord Eldon, and the Duke of York, and some hours of negotiation ensued at Connaught Place between the envoys of the Regent, and the runaway Princess and her friends. Both sides recommended the Princess to return. She yielded at last to their united opinion, and at two o'clock in the morning was escorted back to Carlton House by the Duke of York, the Lord Chancellor, and the Lord Chief Justice. Various accounts have been written by the different actors in the scene of what took place. Lord Eldon laconically described her as "kicking and bouncing," but finally giving in. Lord Brougham has left a more melodramatic account of the eloquent appeal by which he persuaded her to go back to her father; and even the contemporary newspaper reports all vary as to details. But the plain narrative of Miss Knight gives the greatest impression of truth, and from her account it would appear that the Princess passed the hours she spent in Connaught Place nearly entirely alone with her mother and the ladies in the Prince of Wales' own room, while the gentlemen came and went below; and the influences to which she yielded were probably the wishes of her mother and the entreaties of Miss Mercer and Miss Knight.

The Princess's life, miserable before, was now made much more so by her father. Nearly two years afterwards she was released from what can only be called a state of duress by a marriage of affection with Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg. Happiness at last came to her. But it was of brief duration. Every one knows the sad end. In the moment of looked-for joy death came to her; being delivered of a still-born child on March 5, 1817, she died within a few hours afterwards.

Lady Rose Weigall has been fortunate in acquiring excellent materials, and has put them together in a pleasing style, but her "brief memoir" does not go beyond these materials, and has an imperfect and fragmentary character. This is not the only defect of the book.

The author permits herself to use unnecessarily strong language in condemnation of the Princess of Wales, and, inspired probably by her mother Lady Westmoreland's feelings, accuses the Whig party of an interested espousal of the cause of that most unfortunate woman, adding that the same political party "would only have been too happy to render it more attractive by linking to it the grievances of the Princess Charlotte with all the interest which attached to her youth, innocence, and regal prospects." Lord Brougham's Autobiography, untrustworthy in many respects, may be relied on for the correspondence which it publishes; and there may be seen ample proof in his correspondence at the time with Earl Grey, Whitbread, and others, of the backwardness of a large part of the Whig party in the case of the Princess of Wales, and of caution and delicacy in handling the grievances of the Princess Charlotte. Lady Rose Weigall treats the "Delicate Investigation" of 1806 as conclusive condemnation of the Princess of Wales. George III. had written to Lord Eldon in July 1804 that the Princess's "injuries deserve the utmost attention of the King, as her own conduct has proved irreproachable." Lady Rose Weigall pronounces that "her eccentric, reckless behaviour was soon to deprive her of all title to the epithet." Reckless is a strong word for indiscreet, which is the most that can be made out of the qualification by which the Commissioners who conducted the "Delicate Investigation" accompanied their entire acquittal of the Princess on the charges brought against her. The caution administered by these Commissioners did not amount to reproach. The Princess was acquitted of the Douglas charges. Lord Eldon, no chivalrous knight-errant, and Spencer Perceval, the purest of men, unflinchingly supported her; and Perceval wrote for her her memorable letter to the King on the Commissioners' Report. Lady Rose Weigall speaks of the Princess Charlotte's affection for her mother, "notwithstanding the mother's weaknesses and vices." The last is a strong word, utterly unjustified as applied to a woman against whom, even at the last and at the worst, crime was "not proven." Men of unimpeachable honour, and women of unsuspected purity, befriended her to the last, in spite of all her undoubted indiscretions. Lady Rose Weigall, who here may have the excuse that she is the Princess Charlotte's biographer, and irresistibly moved as such to take up the cudgels for her under all circumstances, severely blames the Princess of Wales for leaving England and deserting her daughter in 1814. In July 1814 the Princess Charlotte had fled from Warwick House, and from her father's cruelty, to take refuge with her mother in Connaught Place. She was taken the same night, by the advice of her friends and of her father's, to her father's residence at Carlton House; and the Princess of Wales concurred in this advice, and did not endeavour to keep her in her own house. Lady Rose Weigall hereupon writes as follows:—

She [the Princess Charlotte] was acting under an impulse of indignation or alarm in an unforeseen emergency, and probably her calculations did not extend beyond the instinctive notion that her mother's house was her proper sanctuary, and her mother's countenance her surest support. But her expectation of finding sympathy and protection was destined to meet with no response. The persecution the Princess of Wales had undergone had long deteriorated her character, and ended by hardening her heart. Her affection had gradually been stifled under the overpowering sense of her own wrongs, which filled her mind, and rendered her indifferent to her daughter's welfare. She had recently made up her mind to go abroad, that she might live free from all restraint, and absorbed in her own selfish plans, the last thing she desired was to be mixed up in the disputes between father and daughter. Much as she liked excitement, the sudden apparition of the runaway Princess was anything but welcome to her, and she was quite as anxious to get rid of the fugitive as the Regent could be to recapture her. . . . Her mother's coldness and eagerness to send her back were probably a bitter disappointment to her. She left Connaught Place, as already stated, with the Duke of York, and reached Carlton House just before daybreak. She was not allowed to return to her own rooms in Warwick House, but lodged in Carlton House, and an entirely new set of attendants were placed about her, and she was removed in their charge a few days later to Cranbourn Lodge, in Windsor Park. At the end of the month she had a final interview with her mother to take leave of her before the Princess of Wales' departure from England, and this was the last time they ever saw each other. Princess Charlotte was deeply hurt at her mother's wilfulness in going abroad, perceiving how detrimental this step must be to her, and feeling, no doubt, that it was an ungrateful return for the uncompromising efforts she had made lately on her behalf, efforts which cost much, as the mother was not only sinned against but sinning.

There are surely two modes of interpreting the Princess of Wales's conduct. Could she be insensible to the injury that might ensue to her daughter from her remaining near her? Might she not feel that by going abroad she might even ease her daughter's position? What good at that time could she do for her daughter in England? The daughter had, it is true, with a filial loyalty which deserves no special eulogy, battled with the Prince of Orange for the right of treating her mother as guiltless, and discussions on this point had contributed to the breaking off of the engagement. But these discussions and many acts of the Regent showed that, while the Princess of Wales was within the daughter's reach, the woes of the latter were aggravated and her fate embittered, and the mother might have disinterestedly felt that her absence would be a benefit to the daughter whom she was totally unable to protect. The Princess's departure for the Continent was not approved by many; but it was advised by Canning and Lord Dudley, two zealous, disinterested, and fearless friends.

#### PATERSON'S MEMORIALS OF PROFESSOR SYME.\*

ALTHOUGH it is strictly from a professional point of view that the life of the late Professor Syme can be assumed to possess sufficient interest to call for its embodiment in print, his transcendent merits as a surgeon were such as to make it only due to his memory that such a work should be undertaken. It would have been a slur upon the profession which he so ably served and ornamented had his eminent contributions to pathological and operative surgery, the impulse given by his words and example to the generation who flocked to his teaching, and the very controversies which so bespoke the man and were the means of bringing into relief so many of his latent gifts and energies, been left without the recognition or the abiding monument which a record of his life and labours could supply. Amongst colleagues, friends, and pupils the desire for a memorial of a man so valued and renowned could not fail to meet with a fitting exponent of the admiration and regard inspired by one who had stood for years the acknowledged head in his own department of science and practice. Many willing hands contributing their share to the stock of materials, the office of biographer of James Syme devolved upon his old friend and associate, Dr. Robert Paterson, Vice-President of the Royal College of Physicians, and of the Medico-Chirurgical Society of Edinburgh, whose oration as President of the Harveian Society of the same capital at the annual meeting of 1873 has been made the nucleus of the volume before us. Dealing mainly, though not exclusively, with the scientific or professional aspect of Syme's career, and drawn up as far as was possible in his own words, the value of this memoir lies in its setting in their true light those contributions of his to the surgery of his day which are indicative of real genius, together with an estimate of the man as a reformer of surgical method or clinical teaching; his diagnostic power and his unsurpassed skill as an operator being not more conspicuous than his gift of conveying knowledge to others, and of carrying with him the intellects and the hearts of his class. Though not a writer of many books beyond his *Principles of Surgery*, a text-work upon the subject, his numerous contributions to the medical journals of the time show his unwearied industry, no less than the concentration of thought and feeling, expressing itself in terseness and conciseness of language, which justified a celebrated advocate in saying of James Syme that he never wasted a word nor a drop of ink nor a drop of blood.

Sprung from a good Scotch family and inheriting from his father a temper of firm perseverance combined with courage and self-reliance, James Syme, born at Edinburgh, November 7, 1799, was more marked in his early years by patient study than by brilliance of parts. To this steady ability, joined to the excellent grounding which he received at a private grammar school, was due the good place which he took on entering the High School at the age of ten. Quiet and meditative, with a certain shyness and reserve about him, he had but few companions, and those chiefly of kindred tastes, with whom he kept up friendship through life, many of them rising like himself into eminence. Chemistry formed his favourite pursuit. The dissection of small animals, picked up in the intervals of school-time and in holiday rambles, shared with this his mind and heart. A certain thickness of speech, approximating at first to an impediment, was greatly modified and well nigh obviated by pains and skilful training as years went on. All young Syme's pocket-money went in chemicals and apparatus, and his experiments were the admiration of the school. A striking sign of his instinctive tendency towards the realistic or natural rather than the literary sources of knowledge, no less than an augury of the success which he was thenceforward to achieve, was seen by his chosen companions on his leaving the High School at the close of six years. Dashing from among them, the lad, with an air of dignified resolve they had never witnessed before, took his books and threw them from him, as much as saying, "Away with these toys! I am now done with them. The more serious business of life is before me, and to it I mean to address myself."

Matriculating at the University of Edinburgh in November 1815, James Syme made botany and philosophy his first studies, the chemical teaching at the time being there, as throughout the United Kingdom, rather low. Joined by Robert Christison, now the distinguished Professor, he got together as a chemical society a dozen or so of students, working ardently with occasional mishaps in a large underground cellar as well as in his private lodgings. In March 1817 he was able to announce to the world through the medium of the *Annals of Philosophy* the discovery, by means of the distillation of coal-tar—then lately brought into notice by the lighting of Edinburgh with gas—of a solvent for caoutchouc, which was turned by Mr. Mackintosh into a material of boundless manufacture and the foundation of untold wealth. Had the patent advised by his friends been taken out by the acknowledged author of the invention, a large fortune would doubtless have been added to the scientific credit and the sense of confidence which was all that Syme reaped by this early stroke of genius. At the same time he was drawn irresistibly towards anatomy, with a view to surgery, as his eventual and absorbing pursuit, partly by early bias, partly by the charm of Barclay's power as a lecturer, aided as it was by the influence and encouragement

\* *Memorials of the Life of James Syme, Professor of Clinical Surgery in the University of Edinburgh, &c.* By Robert Paterson, M.D., Vice-President of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh, &c. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas. 1874.



of Liston, then demonstrator under Barclay; from whom however that rising operator parted in 1818, and set up an anatomy class of his own, taking Syme with him, and encouraging the young surgeon to assume ere long the office of demonstrator. So rapid yet steady was Syme's progress, that by the year 1822 he occasionally lectured for Liston, and had the sole charge of the dissecting-rooms. In that year a short course of study in Paris brought him into contact with Lisfranc, who took a lively interest in him, as well as with Dupuytren, whose heart he won by the loan of a set of Liston's instruments in a case of diseased nose. Becoming in 1822 a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh, after having already joined that of London, he distinguished himself in the autumn of that year by his first important operation. It was the earliest case in Scotland of amputation at the hip-joint, and was a modification of that of Lisfranc, in which Syme was assisted by Liston, Abercrombie, and other professional friends, the time occupied being about a minute. A characteristic letter to Dr. Sharpey, whose friendship he had gained in Paris, tells of his modest delight at this success, which has, he writes, thrown the good town into commotion. In the next year occurred the deplorable rupture with Liston, who had abandoned to Syme the teaching of anatomy, though retaining a certain interest in the classes. That jealousy, and nothing else, was at the bottom of this break in their close friendship is all that his biographer has to say upon the matter, whilst it is scarcely possible to state exactly how the feud arose, or on which side lay the greater share of blame. The number and variety of controversies and estrangements in which Syme found himself involved from time to time, coupled with his known warmth of temper and sharpness of tongue, forbids our holding him altogether blameless. Free as he is stated to have been by original disposition from anything like a disputatious spirit, a change is traced in him from the time of his setting up his surgical hospital at Minto House and the professional warfare it brought upon him. There is much point in the remark of an old friend, Dr. Belfrage, minister of Slateford, to whom he confided his difficulties of this sort, that Syme was always right in the matter, but often wrong in the manner, of his quarrels. It was most inopportune that the appointment of Syme as Professor of Clinical Surgery led him, as a matter of supposed duty, to attend the operating theatre at all times when any important operation was going on, to the intense disgust and scorn of Liston, and to the expectancy on the part of the class of some unseemly outbreak. Stories are still told of retaliations behind his rival's back too petty for the dignity of one like Liston, such as allowing furtive peeps of a small *simian* head which he kept in his pocket during lecture, with sly allusions to a likeness which required no verbal hint for the enlightenment of the amused students. Curiously as the two great men were alike in many points, both of character and career, as Dr. Paterson has shown in an interesting chapter, in physique there could hardly be a greater contrast. Syme's sharp and eager face, with his spare and almost puny frame, might seem to make him no match for the burly form and bluff, if not gross, aspect of his antagonist. Yet, well knit and wiry, Syme was no more wanting in fibre of nerve or muscle than in fixity or force of will. Never was there a hand more firm and unwavering in operations, or a mind more rigidly held in control and ready with resource. Without the muscular strength which enabled Liston to perform amputation of the thigh single-handed, the house-surgeon only aiding by holding the limb and tying the arteries, Syme had a style of surgery attended with no less confidence and success, prompt, sure, and even artistic. The softening of manner which his friends remarked in Liston, as an effect of his removal to London, had for one happy result the reconciliation which was brought about near Christmas in 1839, the way being paved by a letter full of character, in which he speaks of Syme's having already "broken the ice, though rather in a roughish way," and of his own wish to have their grievances and sores "not plastered up, but firmly cicatrized." Their old friendship seemed entirely renewed when Liston revisited Edinburgh in the autumn of 1847, not many months before his death.

The history of Syme's short-lived appointment at the University College Hospital of London is given by his biographer with all needful fulness, and in a straightforward way, the letters of eminent and trusty friends contributing much towards clearing up his conduct and vindicating his ultimate resolve. No act of his life, it may be said with truth, was more characteristic of his insight and courage. At home once more, within five months, in his chair at Edinburgh, he was elected towards the end of 1848 President of the Medico-Chirurgical Society of that city. Devoting his whole energies to pure surgery, he won his way to the foremost rank, and advanced his department of science by a series of operations as brilliant as they were novel. The thanks of patients whom his skill had saved from despair or death, even from suicide, showered upon him. In 1850 he was elected President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh, and in that capacity entertained in liberal style the leading members of the British Association at his beautiful country house, Millbank. His reputation as the first surgeon of the day not only brought him honour at home and fame abroad, but made Edinburgh the centre for the diagnosis and treatment of the most difficult cases. Amongst the most important, unusual, and critical operations in which his skill was successfully displayed was one, in 1857, for aneurism of the common carotid artery, which he described in his report as by far the most arduous that had occurred in the whole course of his surgical experience. Scarcely less difficult was an operation for gluteal aneurism of the hip, which had not been seen since the time of

John Bell, sixty years before. Syme, it was remarked, was never at fault. Unforeseen difficulties never found him without resource, and never shook his nerve or unsteadied his hand. The last case reported by him—in March 1865—was one of total excision of the tongue, which he had twice tried before, but unfavourably. Here, instead of cutting all the muscles of the os hyoides, as in the former cases, he resolved to retain entire the mylo-hyoidei and genio-hyoidei, and merely divide the attachments of the genio-hyoglossi. He also dispensed with chloroform, so that the patient, instead of lying horizontally, might sit in a chair, the blood not passing backwards into the pharynx, but running out of the mouth. A special interest attaches to this case from its having been adduced not long ago by Mr. Twisleton and quoted in our columns, as an instance of the recovery of speech after excision of the tongue in connexion with the supposed miracle of the African martyrs under Hunneric.

In his address to the British Medical Association at Leamington in August 1865, which his biographer has printed at length, we have a valuable summary of recent progress in surgery, the credit of not a few, nor those the least important, steps being due to Syme himself. The surgeons of Ireland were forward to welcome him and do him honour on more than one visit, whilst their brethren in America were zealous in acknowledgment of his improvements, with especial reference to the "Syme amputation" of the ankle-joint. Elected the first representative of the Universities of Edinburgh and Aberdeen in the Medical Council, he would doubtless have been chosen once more on the expiration of his term of office, but for the effects of paralysis, which after repeated seizures carried him off on the 26th of June, 1870. Litigious and quick in quarrel as he has been called by those who dwell most prominently upon the professional controversies and legal suits in which he was so often engaged, it must in fairness be allowed that the cause of warfare was, with Syme, by no means so much personal aggrandizement or pique as what he held to be the interests of science and truth, or the honour of a profession which he adored. In the most critical of these legal disputes he came off for the chief part with success, whilst in all he has been allowed in the end, if not in the immediate heat of strife, to have been actuated and sustained by none but generous and pure motives. Where money was concerned he was uncalculating and lavish to a fault, and it was scarcely less by his devoted and chivalrous practice than by his brilliant achievements in science that he raised and dignified the profession of his day.

#### MYSIE'S PARDON.\*

IN a "Letter to a Friend in London," the naïve self-assurance of which is rather amusing, the author of this book explains his reason for writing it. He has been much exercised by the "ludicrously inexact representations" of Australian life concocted by rapid writers who, after a scurry through the colonies, feel themselves qualified to instruct their fellow-countrymen in everything pertaining to those distant lands. With a view of correcting false impressions and letting the people at home know how Australian colonists really do live, *Mysie's Pardon* was written. The author's aim has been to present a perfectly accurate picture of social life in the colony of Victoria in one or two of its phases. The aim is an excellent one. The conditions of life in Australia, although not perhaps quite arcadian or idyllic, present a new field for the novelist's talent, and a welcome exchange for the lovely bigamists and impossible murderers who enliven the fiction of our own more mature civilization. We are only sorry that Mr. Hay's performance falls short of his promise, and that the experiences of a somewhat long residence in Australia have not crystallized into a more complete "photograph of colonial life." The faculty of observation is not altogether the affair of time which our author supposes. His Australian scenes are provokingly devoid of local colour. Except a description of the "Corner" at Ballarat, a famous rendezvous of gamblers in mining shares, the topographical surroundings of his story have not much that is distinctively Australian about them. So far as the main interest of his story is concerned, the *venue* might be changed without any violent wrench to any provincial town in the old country. Nor, barring the reflection of an epidemic fever for speculation, are the social surroundings at all more characteristic. The feature of Victorian life most vividly, and probably most truly, portrayed in this work is domestic rather than social. It is full of the sayings and doings of a set of obtrusive and irrepressible servants, male and female, Irish and Scotch. Not even in a novel by Mrs. Henry Wood is the small beer of the kitchen and the gossip of serving men and maids more elaborately chronicled.

The delineation of the chief character in this book—heroine she can hardly be termed, even by courtesy—has evidently been a labour of love for the author. But he is too enamoured of the strong individuality with which he has invested her to realize the unpleasant and unsatisfactory impression which his handiwork is likely to produce on the less prepossessed mind of his reader. Towards Mysie Raeburn one feels as one feels towards certain characters in real life whom one is invited by some esoteric admirer to take upon trust. One is told that they have sterling good qualities, sincerity, self-reliance, a sense of duty, much that is respectable, even estimable; but, unfortunately, they have such

\* *Mysie's Pardon*. By James Hay. 3 vols. London: Blackwood & Sons.

an unamiable way of asserting themselves, they exhibit so many asperities of manner and speech, that they remain all their lives objects of dislike and repugnance to the outer world. To this class of virtuous hedgehog Mysie belongs. The only way to make a character of this sort acceptable is to temper the bristles with a vein of latent tenderness. Beatrice may be as waspish and trenchant as she likes provided that Benedick is permitted to catch a glimpse now and then of the warm heart and generous sympathies which underlie her bitter mood. There is little of this undercurrent of sensibility in Mysie. What there is flows in too narrow a channel to compensate for the dominant harshness and want of good feeling which she exhibits. She is passionately attached to the memory of her dead mother; but a devotion to the dead which takes the form of habitual injustice to the living is a sin and not a virtue. Lady Macbeth had a kindly recollection of her defunct father; but it certainly does not avail to place her conduct before the dispassionate reader in an altogether amiable light. Captain Raeburn, a weak-minded Fifeshire squireen of dissipated habits, finding himself a widower, determined on a second marriage. A dutiful daughter would have at once seen that such a step was on prudential grounds most desirable. But Mysie's jealousy for her mother's memory did not permit her to take this calm view of the matter, and after a "hot battle" she quits the paternal roof for ever. After this it is not surprising she "felt harder," and became "harsh and repellent," and "scornfully cold" to all mankind except her uncle and brother. "The only thing," we are told, "which at this period saved her from becoming an utterly unbearable, unwomanly woman, was that what she had gone through had intensified the love she bore to her dead mother."

We fail to see how this progress in morbid sentiment prevented her, either then or later, from becoming unbearable and unwomanly. On the contrary, it was precisely the extravagant love for her dead mother that inspired the actions which those epithets justly describe. On the death of her uncle Mysie seeks a new home in Australia, where her brother has settled as a colonist near Ballarat. But even at the Antipodes her susceptibilities on the score of her dead mother are destined to new trials. Maggie, the child of the detested second marriage, is consigned on the Captain's death to the care of her Australian relatives. Here, in spite of sundry petty jealousies in the matter of housekeeping, things go on pretty smoothly between the two half-sisters, till one fine day the elder, under a stupid misunderstanding as to the intentions of a worthy young banker who wished to make the younger his wife, flies into a passion, behaves like a lunatic, and utters words so insulting to her stepmother's memory that Maggie is forced to follow her example, and quit the house. A devotion to the memory of a dead mother which takes the form of vilifying the dead mother of another strikes us as an instance of filial piety hardly less grotesque than that of the young wife in *Tricoline* and *Cocotte* who cannot bring herself to elope with her lover without carrying with her the portrait of her *mère adorée*.

Mysie's Pardon, or rather one should say her repentance, is brought about in the following manner. She had conceived an absurd and unreasonable prejudice against George Garden, who had trifled, as she wrongly supposes, with Maggie's affections. Why she should have opposed a marriage which would rid her of the presence of a sister whom she could not bring herself to love, is a mystery which our author does not explain. By her bitter tongue she had driven Maggie away; but as the result of this was merely to hasten her marriage with the young banker, no great harm was done. But no sooner are the young couple happily united than the bank is brought into difficulties by the absconding of a fraudulent manager. The bridegroom is forced to hurry over to New Zealand in pursuit, and the bride insists on accompanying him. The vessel in which they are erroneously believed to have embarked on the return voyage is lost with all hands. This news of the shipwreck reaches Mysie, and overwhelms her with horror and compunction:—

And with the thought came the appalling self-accusation that of Maggie's death, she, and she alone, was the cause. Had it not been for her detestable temper, and for her want of control over the violence of her speech, her sister would not have been driven from her home, thereby precipitating the marriage which had led to this fatal journey. . . . and what had been her object for all the evil she had wrought? Because of her mother, and the love she had borne her, and the resentment she had felt against all who were in any way connected with the insult to her memory. Mysie asked herself now how that mother would judge her for what she had done; and she knew that the sentence would not be one of approbation. Would she who had loved all human beings who crossed her path, and had been beloved by them in return, have bestowed a blessing on her daughter, whose hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness had led to such a disastrous termination? Mysie could not think she would. And when she came to reflect on the way in which she had been brought up by that dear mother, and on the careful solicitude with which her young footsteps had been tended, and contrasted herself with the "mitherless bairn" Maggie had been when she came across the weary sea, asking for a home and homelike hearts, and had been sent forth to find love among strangers, Mysie saw, as if by a revelation, &c. &c.

Her suspense, however, is of short duration. The next morning Maggie arrives safe and sound, having taken passage in another ship. The salutary revolution in Mysie's ideas brought about by the fright is complete and lasting; and the curtain falls on her figuring in the new capacity of indulgent maiden aunt to Maggie's children.

It is a relief to turn from Mysie's violent temper and interminable flow of "Fifeshire Doric" to some of the many minor characters who crop up in this work, apparently merely to chatter and efface themselves. They have little to do with the story; and their

*raison d'être* is explained by the introductory note in which Mr. Hay informs us that this work has already appeared in a serial form in a Melbourne journal. The temptation to multiply characters, by way of spicing each fresh instalment of a novel with something new and piquant, is one of the chief vices of this form of publication. We have already remarked upon the obtrusiveness of the servants in this work. There is Norah the Irish cook, and Babbie the Scotch housemaid, and Tom Blarnigan, a lazy tipping man of all work, who all chatter most consumedly, each in his or her native dialect. In one chapter we learn "How Norah went to Chapel"; in another, expressly devoted to "Tom Blarnigan," we are told in great detail how that pleasure-loving person won a fiddle at a raffle. Then there is the Dodder family, equally divided between virtue and vice—the father and daughter simple, loving, and honest; the mother a furious termagant, and the son a thief and forger. The ups and downs of Australian life are illustrated by the experience of Joe Dodder, who gets into trouble through some mining shares, which ultimately turn out to be worth 14,000*l*. Then we have various specimens of the Australian farmer—John Raeburn as placid and good-humoured as Mysie is the contrary; Mr. Campbell, a colonist from the Scotch Highlands, who excites Mysie's wrath by an offer of marriage, received, of course, with a very uncomplimentary torrent of Fifeshire Doric; Mr. Waller, a "great, broad-shouldered, genial Englishman"; Mr. Ingoldsby, who believed the legends that bear his name to be the records of his family history; and, lastly, by way of contrast to those varieties of the virtuous farmer, Mr. Westbury, a fraudulent farmer, and the accomplice of the absconding Netherwood. The last-mentioned gentleman was the bank manager of Armstrong, Garden, and Co. It required a remarkably smart man to do business in Ballarat; and, without doubt, Mr. Netherwood, who owed much of his success in business to a remarkable squint, which shifted from one eye to the other so as to puzzle and embarrass the observer, is a remarkable instance of Ballarat smartness, very inadequately requited by a mild sentence of nine months' seclusion in gaol. It is a curious instance of the propensity which every one in this book has to chatter, that Netherwood, in the crisis of his fate, cannot get off to New Zealand without a talk to the barber who comes to shave off his beard and whiskers:—

"The gentleman as employed me," said the barber, "informed me as you wanted a change of countenance. If we could only get a change of hearts."

"Drop that," said Netherwood, with an oath. "I have no time for any humbugging. . . . only fire away quick, as there is no time to lose."

"You see," answered the barber, "everything in a job of this kind depends upon being artistic. I am an artist, and like to do my work well. . . . You see, sir, those eyes of yours are puzzling. So I was forced to fancy to myself how they would be described in print, and to make them as unlike that as possible. . . ."

"Go to the devil!" said Netherwood; "how much do I owe you?"

"Three guineas."

"You know how to charge, at any rate."

"I could not do it for less—that is, artistically. . . ."

"Guineas," said the barber.

Netherwood laughed as he placed three shillings beside the gold. "You are as bad as a barrister," said he.

"Yes," answered the barber gravely; as he pocketed the money, "it is unbecoming the dignity of artists, barristers, and us, to take less than guineas. Before I go, might I solicit a subscription for our little Zion?"

We trust that this was an exceptionally "smart" barber, and that the artistic disguise of absconding criminals is not a recognized branch of the trade in Melbourne. In New Zealand a whole set of fresh subordinate characters come upon the scene; but the reader will probably be content with the samples already culled from these volumes.

We can say nothing in praise of the style in which this book is written. The story, such as it is, is unskillfully told, and in language which is often slovenly and confused. The capricious use of "Fifeshire Doric" involves a strange violation of probability. It is true that Mr. Hay anticipates the objection by observing that while Mysie adhered to her native dialect, her brother, whose business required him to mix with all varieties of men, spoke with "a form of English words," although with an unmistakably Scotch accent. Speech, however, is not the mere matter of volition which our author would have it, and nothing could be less likely than that a brother and sister, brought up together and fondly attached, should speak two different languages. We notice, too, traces of this arbitrary distribution of tongues in an earlier generation of the family, for while Captain Raeburn of Fifeshire talks the purest English, Mr. Archibald Bonthron, his brother-in-law, equally of Fifeshire, talks the most pronounced Scotch.

#### BEAMES'S COMPARATIVE GRAMMAR OF THE MODERN ARYAN LANGUAGES OF INDIA.\*

THIS is an attempt to satisfy a need which has been long felt, and to a certain extent the book may be considered successful. It contains some theories which may be rejected as unsound, and others which are crude and require deliberate investigation, but so far as it goes it is a valuable contribution to Comparative Philology. It is, however, only an instalment of what promises to be a somewhat lengthy work. There is an introduction of one hundred and twenty pages, occupied with a

\* *A Comparative Grammar of the Modern Aryan Languages of India: to wit, Hindi, Panjabi, Sindhi, Gujarati, Marathi, Oriya, and Bangali.* By John Beames, Bengal Civil Service, &c., &c. London: Trübner & Co.



general view of the subject; the rest of the volume is devoted to "Sounds," so that no progress is made beyond the alphabet. A second volume on the Noun and Pronoun is promised at some indefinite period, and the author hopes to complete the work with a third volume on the Verb and Particles.

The languages which Mr. Beames has subjected to comparison are the Hindi, Panjabi, Sindhi, Gujarati, Marathi, Oriya, and Bangali. These are the chief Aryan languages of India in modern days, but there are a great many dialectal varieties which are of very high philological importance. Hindi is the widely spread language which is spoken in the valley of the Ganges down to Rajmahal, where the river makes its bend to the south; Oriya is the language of Orissa, and is the most circumscribed of all the seven. The names of the other five languages indicate with sufficient precision the districts in which they are spoken. Mr. Beames very justly remarks that a work like the present is beyond the powers of a scholar in Europe, and could only be produced by one living in India, and acquainted as well with the written as with the vernacular language. With four out of the seven languages Mr. Beames claims to be familiar; as to the other three, he has been compelled to trust to books and friendly co-operation.

The languages dealt with in this volume undoubtedly spring from a common source, and that the Sanskrit. It is

a fact sufficiently proved, that the spoken Sanskrit is the fountain from which the languages of Aryan India originally sprung; the principle portion of their vocabulary and the whole of their inflectional system being derived from this source. Whatever may be the opinions held as to the subsequent influences which they underwent, no doubt can fairly be cast on this fundamental proposition. Sanskrit is to Hindi and its brethren what Latin is to Italian and Spanish.

The modern Latin tongues of Europe have passed through the intermediate stage of the Romance languages, and the Prakrits of India form a similar break between the modern tongues and the old Sanskrit. We had occasion in a former number (*Saturday Review*, March 1, 1873), when reviewing Dr. Muir's "Sanskrit Texts," a book of which Mr. Beames has confessedly made great use, to enter at some length into the peculiarities and affinities of the various Prakrits, so that we need not now touch that part of the question. Suffice it to repeat that the modern languages of India trace their descent through the Prakrits from the old Sanskrit, or, as Mr. Beames has it, "the spoken Sanskrit." Between the Vedic Sanskrit and the classical Sanskrit of the Rāmāyana and Mahābhārata there is a clear difference. Many of the old Vedic forms have, in the natural course of things, worn themselves out; and besides, the grammarians had been at work on the language, and cramped it with their rules, so that Mr. Beames is probably right when he says "that it may be safely denied that Sanskrit was ever spoken in the form in which it has been handed down by Brahmanical authors." There must, however, have been a spoken language, and, according to Mr. Beames,

It may be accepted as a well-established fact that the Aryan races entered India not all at once, nor in one body, but in successive waves of immigration. The tribes of which the nation was composed must therefore have spoken many dialects of the common speech. I say "must" because it is contrary to all experience, and to all discoveries hitherto made in the science of language, to suppose otherwise. All the races of the great Indo-European family, whether they migrated into India, Persia, or Europe, have been found, however far back they can be traced, to have spoken numerous dialects of a common language; but this common language itself only existed as one homogeneous speech, spoken without any differences of pronunciation or accent by the whole race, at a time far anterior to the earliest date to which they can be followed.

There is much of truth and much of probability in this, but still it cannot be said that the opening statement in this passage is "a well-established fact." This is the sort of blemish which appears every now and then in the work. The author is evidently a man of strong convictions, and he does not always take sufficient pains to prove what he feels to be true. It may safely be admitted that there were different dialects, if not even great diversities, of language among the early Aryan immigrants, but whether those differences arose before or after the settlement in India is hardly capable of proof, and is of no great philological importance. That there was some difference of dialect, and that the classical Sanskrit did not descend wholly and solely from the Vedic, appears to be proved by the fact that the classical Sanskrit contains some words of which the forms are more archaic than the Vedic forms; thus—Sans. *griha* is *geha* in the Vedic and *geha* also in Prakrit; Sans. *kṛita* is *kūta* in the Vedas and of a similar form in Prakrit. "One of these languages," Mr. Beames goes on to say, "became at an early period the vehicle of religious sentiment, and the hymns called the Vedas were transmitted orally for centuries, in all probability with the strictest accuracy." To this we entirely assent. But he goes on to say that

After a time the Brahmins consciously and intentionally set themselves to the task of constructing a sacred language, by preserving and reducing to rule the grammatical elements of this Vedic tongue. We cannot tell whether in carrying out this task they availed themselves of the stores of one dialect alone; probably they did not, but with that rare power of analysis for which they have ever been distinguished, they seized on the salient features of Aryan speech as contained in all the dialects and moulded them into one harmonious whole.

This view of the matter we must at once reject. There have been writers who have maintained that Zend is a fabricated language, and much has been written about the artificial character of the later Sanskrit; but the theory that classical Sanskrit was concocted "consciously and intentionally" from a variety of dialects for a special purpose is contrary to science and will hardly

meet with acceptance. If this were a correct representation, Sanskrit would lose its philological value, and would not deserve that prominent position it occupies in the present work. There can be no doubt that the common vernacular of the Sanskrit-speaking people differed considerably from the Sanskrit of the poems—the language of the learned and the vernacular of the vulgar differ more or less in all countries; but we know absolutely nothing about "spoken Sanskrit;" the written language is all that has come down to us, and with that we must deal. It may well be, however, that many vulgar words which never found their way into the classical Sanskrit still survive in the modern tongues.

Passing on to the Prakrits of the drama, Mr. Beames adverts to the fact of the different characters speaking in different dialects, and considers it "highly improbable that this custom represents any state of things that ever existed." No doubt it is; but the practice may be attributed to a conventionality of the stage, a conventionality not altogether unknown to the European drama. The general character of the Prakrits is their breaking down of the original words, the rejection of consonants, especially of compound consonants, and the preference given to vowels—a preference which they share with their counterparts, the Romance languages. The author appears to have grave doubts as to whether some of the Prakrits were ever real spoken languages. Quoting some passages, he declares them to be like to "some Maori or other Polynesian dialect rather than to anything Aryan; and I cannot bring myself to believe that the people of India at any stage of their history ever spoke such a form of speech." Very probably not. But it must again be remembered that all these specimens of Prakrits are derived from the plays, and it may have been considered funny and amusing in those days as well as in the present to exaggerate the vernacular peculiarities of the various characters. It is unnecessary, however, to lay any great stress upon the Prakrits of the dramas, as there are ample materials for philological purposes in the Pāli of Buddhist literature, and in the Jain works written in the Mahārāshtri Prakrit. Strange to say, Mr. Beames, so far as we have seen, takes no notice of the Buddhist Gāthās, a species of popular ballads or verses found scattered in Buddhist writings, composed in a corrupt Sanskrit, and apparently intervening between the Sanskrit and Prakrit eras.

As to the period when the Prakrits and Pāli were spoken we need not here inquire, but inscriptions show that a language closely approximating to the latter was in use some two or three centuries before the Christian era. Of the modern languages Hindi is the principal and the most ancient. Mr. Beames places its rise in the eleventh century. The great bulk of the words in all these languages is clearly traceable to the Sanskrit, and the difference in the grammatical structure is that usually found between ancient and modern languages. The latter have thrown off the synthetical or inflectional form, and have adopted the analytical, in which the work of inflections is performed by separate auxiliaries and particles. Much of this modern grammatical structure is also distinctly traceable to Sanskrit, and Mr. Beames "strenuously denies" that non-Aryan elements "have had any hand in the formation of the analytical system which the Aryan tongues at present exhibit." He may be right in his conclusion, but he is very inconclusive in his reasons for rejecting the supposed identity of the particle *ko*, which is the sign of the dative case in the Dravidian as well as in the modern Aryan tongues. With an unpleasant disparagement of the opinions of others, which too frequently makes its appearance in the work, he charges Dr. Caldwell with having "gone quite wild on the subject" of this particle. But the only way in which Mr. Beames is able to account for its origin is by stating that the old Hindi form is *kaun*, that the Sanskrit accusative being formed, as in Latin, with *m*, nouns ending in *ka* make their accusative in *kam*, and this *kam* is the Hindi *kaun* and the modern *ko*. This is not impossible nor altogether unlikely; but something more than bare assertion is required before it can be admitted that the *ko* was thus derived. Nouns in *ka* are common enough in Sanskrit, but still not so common as to be a leading type likely to be seized upon for such a purpose.

The work brings out very clearly the materials of which the modern languages are composed. Native writers have divided them into three classes, which, to avoid the use of unknown terms, we will call Sanskrit, Sanskritic, and Rural. The Sanskrit words have the same form as in the parent language; the Sanskritic are modified words, clearly traceable to their origin; the Rural or country words are such as are not thus distinctly traceable. The last is an important class of words, of which too little is at present known to justify an opinion as to their origin. A careful investigation of them may, as Mr. Beames considers, affiliate many of them to the Aryan stock. The proportion which these words bear to the general language is but small. The whole interest of the present investigation is centred in the Sanskritic words, and the manner in which they have descended, whether through the Prakrits or direct from the Sanskrit. One peculiarity, which at first sight is perplexing, is the fact that many Prakrit words show greater attrition and decay than the same words in the modern languages—thus Sanskrit *rūtri*, Prak. *rūi*, Hindi and other modern tongues *rāt*. This proves that, although the Prakrits occupy an intermediate stage, such words as this have not passed down through the Prakrits with which we are acquainted. In the majority of cases, however, the Prakrit word wears either an intermediate or identical form, which may fairly be considered as the link between the ancient and the modern. Into this class of words Mr. Beames

enters at considerable length in his chapters on "Sounds," and traces a great number of words from the Sanskrit down to the modern tongues, distinguishing the changes peculiar to the different languages, and showing how one language affects one kind of modification and another a different kind. This is very interesting and instructive, but it might have been made more generally useful. The Indian words are printed in the Deva-nāgarī characters, without any transliteration in Roman letters, so that the general student of comparative grammar must learn this character before he can use the book. A stumbling-block is thus placed in the way of philologists who would like to compare the process of derivation as exhibited in the Indian with that of the European languages. Mr. Beames is quite alive to the many remarkable points of similarity between these two families of languages, and he should have afforded every facility for a critical comparison of their laws of change.

The pure Sanskrit words in the modern language are of little or no philological value. They have been introduced in modern times by writers whose learning, or affectation of learning, has led them to employ a Sanskrit word in preference to a vernacular one, just as we have and have had writers who prefer Latin words to good old English ones more vigorous but less imposing. The words which came in when the language was in process of formation adapted themselves to its genius; those of later introduction retain the rigid forms of the original language just as with us. But we, having once appropriated a Latin word, have generally been content with it, and have not borrowed it a second time; or, if we have done so, the old adaptation and the modern appropriation usually have some difference in meaning. But in the modern tongues of India there are large numbers of words having double forms with no variety of signification. The old one being the form used in familiar language, the modern one occurring only in books or in the language of pedants.

Mr. Beames enters into an inquiry as to the period of the rise of these languages. He fixes upon the eleventh century A.D. as that of the Hindi, the principal language of the group. Panjābi and Gujarāti he regards as subsidiary forms of the Hindi. Marāthi "remained a Prakrit till the twelfth or even thirteenth century, and third, Oriya, which must quite have completed its transformation by the end of the fourteenth. Bangālī was no separate independent language, but a maze of dialects without a distinct national or provincial type till the seventeenth or beginning of the eighteenth century." Where these languages come in contact the dialects spoken upon the border partake of the characteristics of each other, and as all the languages are of one stock, and have so many points of resemblance, there seems to be a probability that some of the seven will be gradually absorbed. Mr. Beames thinks that Panjābi and Gujarāti will be assimilated to the Hindi. "Sindhī, on the west, Bangālī on the east, will resist absorption much longer; the former owing to its fundamental divergence of type, the latter by virtue of its high cultivation and extensive literature. Oriya and Marāthi may probably continue to hold their own to a more distant time." There is yet another language quite of modern growth, which already holds a leading position, and seems destined to supplant some or all of them. This is the Urdū or Hindustani, a simplified form of the Hindi, and essentially Aryan in its groundwork and grammar, which owes its origin to the intercourse between the Mahomedan conquerors and their Hindu subjects. It has been flooded with words of Arabic and Persian origin, and is especially the language of Musulmāns, but it has spread most rapidly, and Mr. Beames has fair reason for his opinion that,

With the barriers of provincial isolation thrown down, and the ever freer and fuller communication between various parts of the country, that clear, simple, graceful, flexible, and all-expressive Urdū speech, which is even now the *lingua franca* of most parts of India, and the special favourite of the ruling race, because closely resembling in its most valuable characteristics their own language, seems undoubtedly destined at some future period to supplant most, if not all, of the provincial dialects, and to give to all Aryan India one homogeneous cultivated form of speech—to be, in fact, the English of the Indian world.

We look forward to the continuation of this work with considerable interest, and hope that the author's official duties may not greatly delay its publication. We hope, too, that in the meantime he may learn to speak a little more tenderly and respectfully of the works of others. It is amusing to find a young writer characterizing Sir G. C. Lewis's *Essay on the Romance Languages* as "a clever little work," but a different feeling is roused when the works of the pioneers of Oriental learning are spoken of disparagingly because they are not abreast with the knowledge and requirements of modern times. Mr. Beames will do well also if he takes a hint that we have above given, and prints the whole of his examples in Roman as well as in Indian letters. The languages of modern Europe and of modern India are so much akin, and have so many points of resemblance, that no bar should be placed in the way of those who would compare them.

#### SCOTLAND FIFTY YEARS AGO.\*

SCOTLAND fifty years ago must have been one of the pleasantest and one of the most backward countries in Europe. Social life in Edinburgh was in those days merry, intellectual, not

severely abstemious, and, as it still is, unceremonious. Early dinner parties (the comfort of which may, to shy or nervous men, have been chequered by the formalities of "rounds of toasts" and "rounds of sentiments") begat late supper parties, where wine and wit flowed freely and dry formalities were unknown. Hard-drinking and hard-swearing judges, weary of hanging prisoners on dubious evidence and damning counsel, met at the social board or at the whist-table the very counsel whom they had just consigned to perdition, and drank and talked, and sat late hours—sometimes till the courts met next morning—with them and with their friends. And at these pleasant gatherings were convened the leading preachers of the day, convivial Calvinists with all the sourness of their faith reserved for Sabbath in the kirk; quaint, old-fashioned Scotch ladies, with keen and ready wit unfettered by restraints of prudery; leading politicians on their way to and from London with the latest anecdote of Royalty and the gossip of the Court; and last, not least, the men of letters of the time, the author of *Waverley* and his friends, the smart promoters of *Blackwood's Magazine*, and the band of *Edinburgh Reviewers*. The society of Edinburgh was a brilliant society in those days. The sayings and doings thereof are all chronicled in Lord Cockburn's "Memorials of his Time," a book which, even in the mutilated form in which it has been given to the public, throws more light upon the social condition of a country, or at least the capital of a country, than any other book of recent times.

But, while social life was thus bright and pleasant, the political condition of Scotland was almost incredibly stagnant. Up to the end of the last century many of the colliers and salters in Scotland were in a state of slavery. They belonged to their respective mines, and changed hands when the mines changed hands like any other part of what would now be called "the plant." By an Act passed in 1799 (39 George III. c. 56) it was enacted that all who were still in bondage "shall be free from their servitude." Thirty years after this the whole people of Scotland were, as to political freedom, as the salters and miners had been as to personal freedom. They had no voice whatever in the government of their country; a few Tory gentlemen managed the whole thing. There was nothing like popular representation; there were no emancipated burghs; no rival of the Established Church; no independent press; no free public meetings; no Bank until 1810 that would have free dealings with any one who was not a Tory. Forty-five members of Parliament were sent to represent the country, of whom thirty were sent by the counties, and fifteen by the burghs. The whole electors in Scotland numbered only 3,253 in 1830. The thirty county constituencies did not make up two thousand electors among them, and they consisted of a small body of gentlemen who possessed property, and of electors who had no property but an empty feudal title, acquired for the sole purpose of creating a right to vote. Their numbers being thus limited, they were the more accessible to influence, so that the Government with a little management had no reason to dread the return of a single Opposition member. The burgh representation was ingeniously arranged so as to exclude the possibility of independence. The Town Councils, who were self-electing bodies, returned the members to Parliament. Edinburgh had one member all to itself; but the other fourteen members were returned to represent districts of five burghs each. Glasgow rejoiced in having a fifth part of a member. Each Town Council of the five burghs elected a delegate, and these five delegates met and elected a member. It was not worth while therefore to bribe even the whole of the Town Council; a majority of the delegates was quite sufficient. It was a simple enough matter to secure a Scotch seat in those days. You had to profess the Government politics and then get into communication with the leading territorial magnate of the district of burghs. "So you represent my Scotch burgh now," said a well-known English Judge to the representative of a cluster of burghs in the South-West of Scotland; "I used to sit for them in the good old days. They are somewhere in Invernesshire, are they not? I was never nearer them than Middlesex. I used to send Lord — a cheque for two thousand pounds at each election; and he asked the delegates to dinner, and made them drunk, and then they elected me. That was all I knew about the constituency. I got the seat; Lord — got his two thousand pounds; the delegates got their dinners; so it suited all parties." The people who were supposed to be represented knew little about the elections, and cared less. They might hear the church bells ringing, or they might see the return of their representative posted up in their streets. But the election was performed at a dinner party, or in a private apartment from which, in case of need, the public were excluded. The representation of the people of Scotland having been managed thus carefully, it is not surprising that Scotchmen failed to distinguish themselves in Parliament. For that long century and a quarter from the Union till the Reform Act they all, except one or two, appear to have done nothing but give dumb Ministerial votes.

But even more remarkable than the representation of the people was the administration of the criminal law at this period. Trial by jury existed, just as popular representation existed. But the body of jurors was selected by the sheriff, and from them the jury impanelled to try each particular case was selected without challenge by the presiding judge. In ordinary criminal trials this system worked badly enough. But in political trials, with the Lord Advocate of the Government, unchecked by a grand jury, acting as public prosecutor, a sheriff appointed by Government

\* Letters on the Affairs of Scotland from Henry Cockburn, Solicitor-General under Earl Grey's Government, afterwards Lord Cockburn, to Thomas Francis Kennedy, M.P., afterwards the Right Hon. T. F. Kennedy, &c. 1818-1852. London: William Edgway. 1274.



selecting the jurors, and a judge appointed by Government picking the jury, even the semblance of justice disappeared. A case is cited in one of Lord Cockburn's letters in this book in which one Stewart of Ardshiel was tried for the death of Campbell of Glenure. The Duke of Argyll obtruded himself as Lord Justice General to preside at the trial and put thirteen Campbells on the jury. What possible chance could a Stewart have in such a case with a Campbell for judge, and thirteen out of fifteen Campbells for jurymen? This to be sure was in 1746. But long after this, and before Lord Cockburn's persistent efforts to remedy such a monstrous state of things became successful, juries were invariably selected in this fashion. "Come awa', Maister Horner," said Lord Braxfield to a jurymen (father of Francis Horner) whom he had selected to be one of the jury on a celebrated political trial; "come awa', Maister Horner, come awa', and help us to hang ane o' thae damned scoundrels." "Let them bring me prisoners," said the same eminent Judge on another occasion, "and I'll find them law"; and no doubt he did find them law of a sort consistent with the spirit of the time.

These strange anomalies in Scotch politics and jurisprudence, and others of a not less glaring character, are the subjects of this volume of letters. The letters are addressed to Mr. Kennedy, an Ayrshire gentleman who happened to be in Parliament during the ten years before the passing of the Reform Act, and who, when appointed to an office in the Treasury, had charge of the Bills relating to Scotland, and acted generally as Secretary of State for that country. His chief correspondent is Mr. (afterwards Lord) Cockburn. He was the centre of the small knot of distinguished Whigs who struggled on in Edinburgh against Tory insolence and domination during the darkest part of Scotland's later history, when the Dundases and their underlings were omnipotent and Toryism supreme. The object of Mr. Cockburn's letters to Mr. Kennedy is to keep him instructed in Scotch feeling and opinion when he is in London fighting the Whig battle against almost hopeless odds; to enlighten him as to the different jobs the Tories are perpetrating or intending to perpetrate in Scotland; to suggest counter jobs in the interest of the Whigs; and generally to keep him up to the mark in his labours to emancipate his country. "Fight, and on your stumps, for Cowell being joined to Bute, and Orkney to Shetland." "Don't take your eye off the burghs." "Do worry Sir George in our Scotch Committee—and Hum Drum—and all Hopes and Dundases." "For the love of God and the Court of Justiciary, look after the law of combination, since Providence and Huskisson have given Hume a Committee on that subject." "Do you attend the burials of your electors? Murray does." "Our meeting has gone off admirably. . . . Except an indication for ballot, which Craig instantly put down as not within the requisition, there was no approach to Radicalism. *A shilling at the door always excludes that virtue.*" "The family of Anstruther held this office for the greater part of last century, with a disgraceful job of a salary—about 1,000*l.* a year, I believe. It is now held by Mr. John Ker, W.S., at a salary, I believe, of about 400*l.* (N.B. A job also. *Smite it.* He is Lord Dundas's agent, who got it for him.)" "Colin M'Kenzie is going to attempt to resign in favour of his brother William the writer; and the said William is off to London to secure the job, of course through the —, whose agents he and Colin have long been." Such morsels of advice and information put in pithy or in humorous sentences Mr. Cockburn writes from time to time to Mr. Kennedy. His letters are full of such. Many of them might well be quoted entire, but we must content ourselves with a single extract describing Lord Advocate Jeffrey's reception by his brethren on the Bench when he was made a judge:—

Jeffrey is a Lord of Session! an actual red-gowned, paper Lord. A framer and lover of acts of sederunt. An admirer of the Noble Officium. A deviser of interlocutors. A hater of the House of Lords. He nods over the same bench where nodded the dignified Eskgrove, and adorns the long pure cravat which typified the calm elegance of the judicial Braxfield. I wish you had seen him as he took his seat. Part of the ceremony consists in his going behind their Lordships, the whole being present, from right to left, where his place is, shaking hands with each as he passes. Four cordial shakes there were, Mackenzie's, Moncrieff's, Cranston's, and Fullerton's. But the other nine! Had you seen Charles Hope hailing as a brother the Editor of the *Edinburgh Review*; Balgray polluting his Perthshire palm with that of the framer of the Reform Bill, clenching his Beacon fingers, as the dog whom in the year 1802 he caused the Faculty to reject from being even a Collector of Decisions, approached; Glenlee grinning at the challenger of David Hume; and Meadowbank taking him all in his arms with ostentatious hypocrisy.

Ever,

H. COCKBURN.

If all the letters in this huge volume were as good as that just quoted, and if they had been woven together by a well-written connecting narrative of the events to which they referred, it would have been unnecessary to say one word against the editing and publication of the book. But unfortunately it is not so. There is not even a thread of narrative. The letters are arranged chronologically, and that is all that the editor has contributed. Many of Cockburn's letters are obviously of a private character, and should not have been published. Others of his might very well have been omitted, and nearly every letter from everybody else. What possible good could come of preserving, not to say publishing, such a letter as this:—

From Viscount Althorp, M.P.

Albany, October 30, 1830.

MY DEAR SIR,—I will be at Brooke's to-day at three o'clock to meet you.

Yours most truly,

ALTHORP.

Why insert all the official "whips" sent round by Lord Althorp at the beginning of each Session to the Government supporters? Why, above all, insert that strange epistle at page 515 tracing the pedigree of Mr. Kennedy's "red roan bull Tyrone," through "Alabaster," "Jupiter," "Trunnell," "Smith's Bull," and so on through no less than ten great granddams to "Jolly's Bull"? Such a narrative may possibly be appreciated by an archaeological cattle-dealer in the wilds of Ayrshire. It can have no conceivable interest for the ordinary educated Englishman, nor does it throw any very brilliant light upon either the social or the political state of Scotland fifty years ago.

#### WILLSHIRE ON ANCIENT PRINTS.\*

THIS handy epitome of a large subject has been compiled with a twofold purpose. First, it is meant to supply the student of ancient prints with a systematic summary of materials which have become too widely scattered to be readily available. And, secondly, it is intended "to furnish the inexperienced collector with certain instructions which may be practically useful to him at the beginning of his career." That the subject of "ancient prints" has been already worked almost to exhaustion is seen from the authorities which the author impresses into his service. Among English experts are Strutt, Bryan, Ottley, Dibdin, Cumberland, Chatto, Sotheby, and Hamerton; and among Continental writers of monographs or systematic treatises are Bartsch, Robert Dumesnil, Nagler, Blanc, Passavant, Delaborde, Alvin, Heller, Galichon, Meaume, Parthez, and Weber. Mr. Willshire has shown considerable critical discrimination and manipulative skill in condensing into a compact volume these multifarious stores, though here and there he fails to economize space, as when, for example, he allows himself to be led away into descriptions and criticisms which have only an indirect bearing upon the subject in hand. The motive, however, may be to gain popularity for topics proverbially dry; at any rate, it must be conceded that these pages are made to read pleasantly. The author indeed brings to his task qualifications superior to those of an industrious compiler; he has himself the experience of a collector. Accordingly, under the title "Advice on commencing the study and collection of ancient prints" we meet with passages which, though rather elementary, are practical and to the purpose. Take the following:—

During our own time we have witnessed a great change take place. We could tell such stories of hunting up really good things in dirty, out-of-the-way shops, known to a few of the initiated, as would not be credited by the more recent devotee.

To become the collector of mere curiosities should not be the desire of the true art-student. . . . We would advise that in forming a collection the novice deal with a few masters only at a time, and that as examples of these are procured, he study them carefully in conjunction with the history of their authors and their works generally, so that when other specimens are met with the collector may be more prepared for their critical examination than otherwise might be the case.

Again:—

The man of taste, rather than the mere collector, will seek excellence before some peculiarity, not of any value in itself, but perhaps rather detrimental to the artistic merits of the engraving. But to the collector—pure and simple—a "state," a "first state" in particular, however intrinsically poor or incomplete it may be, and from its rarity, however costly, is a thing that must be searched for and ultimately obtained at whatever ventures, otherwise his collection without it remains incomplete.

Engraving, taken in the widest sense of the term as signifying all work of the graver, comprises line-engraving, etching, mezzotint, and wood-engraving. In fact little is excluded from this extended category save lithography, a process distinguished as being of the pencil and not of the needle or the graver. An art so varied and multitudinous stretches far beyond the limit of a single volume. As to the artist himself, it comprises the utmost skill and talent represented by the names of Marc Antonio, Albert Dürer, Martin Schön, Rembrandt, Raphael Morghen, Toschi, Strange, Woollett, Sharp, and many others. Moreover the artist who works with the graver has had accorded to him the rank not of a copyist merely, but in some measure of an originator and a creator; his translations into black and white are more than literal transcripts, they often become free paraphrases; and when, as with Rembrandt, Dürer, and Schön, the designer and the executant meet in the same person, the plate has all the attributes of an original product. The hand moves in obedience to the will, the lines are responsive to thought, in their vigour and in their tenderness they speak direct from the artist to the spectator. No execution is more sensitive to the vibration of a nerve, or more instinct with a motive of the mind, than that which arises from the intelligent and delicate handling of the graver. Form, texture, material, even colour, can all be expressed through lines individually and collectively, and when these lines are composed with grace and symmetry, they are rhythmical as the line of a poem and musical as the cadence of a song. Hence it is that the practitioners of this art have had accorded to them in the Academies of Europe a position scarcely short of the highest. By the aid of some such handbook as that now before us the student may obtain entrance into a world of beauty, especially if, on the one hand, he has strength to rise out of dry and barren antiquarianism, and, on the other, sufficient art intuitions to enjoy art for its own sake, an enjoyment which brings manifold reward.

\* *An Introduction to the Study and Collection of Ancient Prints.* By William Hughes Willshire, M.D. Edin., late President of the Medical Society of London, &c. London: Ellis & White. 1874.

Some famous engravings have had eventful histories, and have passed through strange vicissitudes. The life of an engraving, stretching as it occasionally does over several hundred years, is specially sensitive. A piece of paper is necessarily frail in constitution; it is liable to a thousand misadventures, and though it may happily survive all perils, it will bear on its face the ravages of time. In Italy we have sometimes been interested in tracing the successive conditions of some of the best known plates, such as Raphael Morghen's engravings from Leonardo's "Last Supper," and Sanzio's "Transfiguration." The copper-plates remain still in existence, and are occasionally worked from; but they have suffered so much from wear and retouching that individual lines are in parts lost, so that the latest impressions approach lithographs. We have examined side by side examples from these plates in three or more stages, and the monetary value of the latest compared with the earliest was not in the ratio of shillings to pounds. Travellers in Italy have need to be on their guard against imposition—many are the victims; perhaps for all parties it is safest and best that the copper-plate should be destroyed as soon as its art quality is gone.

The volume before us cannot but suggest, over and above the question of art merit, the great monetary value of now extant engravings—works which as to numbers are reckoned by tens of thousands, as to the producing artists by hundreds, and as to lapse of time by four or five centuries. No less than 308 pieces are assigned to Marc Antonio Raimondi, and the number of existing impressions of each plate it were hard to estimate. The prices of course vary vastly according to the state of the plate or of the impression, but we find that at the sale of the Hippisley collection twelve engravings by Marc Antonio realized 1,181*l.* 18*s.* A far higher figure than any recorded in this volume was reached a short time ago by the portrait of Aretino. Quite a sensation was excited in art circles when it became known that more than 700*l.* had been paid by a leading connoisseur for a choice impression of this plate famed for the beauty of its technique; we have just examined this choice impression in the Gallery of the Burlington Club. The exceptional price given is specially indicative of quality; fine examples of the print are rare; indeed Mr. Willshire tells us that it is "more difficult to procure good impressions of Marc Antonio than of any other engraver of the same date, and that the mass of examples in the hands of second-rate dealers is absolutely worthless."

Passing to Rembrandt the statistics of the auction-room are still more astounding. The number of etchings by this, the greatest master of the art, is set down as at least 350, and it has been estimated that "a complete collection in first-rate condition could not be acquired for less than 1,400*l.* or 1,500*l.*, though perhaps it might be said with more truth that it would be impossible with any amount of money to make a perfect and satisfactory set, for two reasons." One is that certain rare specimens can seldom come into the sale-room, the other that the number and zeal of collectors are far in excess of the works in the market. M. Charles Blanc relates an anecdote which serves to illustrate the exorbitant and somewhat capricious rise of prices. This well-known critic and connoisseur possessed in his collection 304 prints by Rembrandt, which he parted with to M. Thihaudeau. At the death of the latter these etchings were put up to auction, but the sale proved a failure. "It seemed," says M. Blanc, "as if there had been a tacit agreement between amateurs and dealers to stop the biddings." But, as a sample of the curiosities of print-dealing, it is added that "six months later the same prints sold for triple the amount" realized by the representatives of M. Thihaudeau, and that "now they are worth at least five times as much." M. Blanc tells us that he has tried, but in vain, to form another collection; simple amateurs have to give way before "the crushing combinations of financiers." "Alas!" he concludes, "nowadays Governments and millionaires alone can possess the collective works of Rembrandt in fine condition." The argument is pushed to extremity in the marvellous progression in the price of Rembrandt's masterpiece, "Christ Healing the Sick," commonly known as the "Hundred Guilder" print. An impression cost during the artist's life about 8*l.* 8*s.* of our present money; in 1755 the same work realized only 7*l.*, in 1809 the price had risen to 41*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*; in the year 1840 the value was further augmented to 231*l.*; in 1867 a climax was reached in the sum of 1,180*l.* The plate purchased at this astounding figure was shortly after included in an all but exhaustive collection of Rembrandt's etchings exhibited in the Burlington Fine Arts Club.

Some useful practical suggestions are thrown into the chapter which treats of "the examination and purchase of ancient prints." The tiro is told to take up a print, weigh it in his hand, note the thickness, quality, and condition of the paper, determine under a good light and with the aid of glasses its state, whether early or late, the amount of reparation it has undergone, "whether ink, grease, or spots of paint disfigure it, or if there be any staining." The novice is also put upon his guard against copies and other spurious imitations. "Almost all good prints have been copied, some several times over," and certain copies "are as rare, or even rarer, than the original"; thus the question may easily arise whether a supposed Dürer may be but a copy by another engraver, or whether a "presumed Ostade may not be an Ostade, nor even the copy of one, but be the legitimate, unpretending work of another master." It is true that a great many copies or forgeries make open confession of their parentage by their inferior technique, by coarseness of line, by want of brilliancy, by difference of size, by reversal of the composition, by some variation in the monogram or signature, or

by unwonted characteristics in the paper or the water-mark. Still the utmost caution must be used even by the most experienced collector in dealing with masters imitated so consummately as Rembrandt, Lucas van Leyden, and Ostade. We have heard persons well conversant with the picture galleries of Europe assert that they would undertake to find copyists competent to produce facsimiles of the masterpieces of each great painter in turn. The boast, though a little rash as to such complex products as pictures, would seem to be within the limits of experience in the more mechanical or routine art of engraving. We remember to have seen Toschi at work among his pupils in Parma on the copper-plates from the frescoes of Correggio, and as we passed from table to table, so firmly was the school established in its style that it sometimes became difficult to distinguish between the master and the scholar. Since the death of Toschi we have revisited the same atelier, and can testify that its present director, Signor Raimondi, has so far inherited the talent and the traditions of the founder as to tread step by step in the old footprints. It is true that the entire series of engravings which happen to be now before us are diversified by individual idiosyncrasies; yet the prevailing style is throughout so much of a piece as to make it easy to understand how the great masters of the art have been imitated or forged. Of the facility of making facsimiles some curious examples are adduced in the volume before us; thus Mr. Sotheby mentions a certain Annunciation, formerly in the collection of Mr. Otley, of which a facsimile was engraved, and then an impression worked off on old paper. Mr. Otley would not be persuaded that this print was only a copy until the original had been produced. "That impression," adds Mr. Sotheby, "since the decease of Mr. Otley, passed into other collections, having been, without the smallest doubt of its genuineness, sold as an original impression." Mr. Maberly tells a still stranger story, which we condense as follows:—

Hudson the portrait-painter, the master of Reynolds, obtained the very rare etching by Rembrandt called the "Coach Landscape," and gave a supper to his amateur friends at which to display his piece of good luck. Benjamin Wilson, his brother painter, though at the time affecting great enthusiasm, amused himself afterwards by etching a companion plate in the style of Rembrandt. An impression was sent to Paris, and at the same time the report circulated at home that there had been discovered in France a companion to the "Coach Landscape." Hudson hastened to Paris, bought the print, then, on his return, collected once more all his amateur friends to a second supper, and again received their congratulations. The same party, Hudson included, were shortly after invited to a supper at Wilson's. When all came to the supper-table, every plate was found turned down, and on the guests lifting their plates, behold under each one appeared an impression of the unfortunate companion of the "Coach Landscape," and under Hudson's plate lay the money he had paid to Wilson's confederate in Paris for the purchase.

In the closing chapter, which deals with a difficulty felt by all collectors—the safe and lucid arrangement of prints—we meet with the sensible but obvious remark that the treasures of the connoisseur should be kept in order as the herbarium of the botanist, the cabinet of the numismatist, and the museum of one engaged in scientific inquiry. Such an arrangement not only facilitates reference, but favours study, and invites to the reading up of books which elucidate the history of engraving and the sister arts. Yet further perplexities arise in the conflicting claims of chronology, nationality, and artists. A classification based on chronology is the best for continuity of history; nationality favours distinctive divisions into schools; while the separate system which allows to each master his own portfolio is obviously to the advantage of biographical illustration. But the truth is that no one classification can be of universal application, and the wise man will use only so much of each method as may best meet his wants. We see no mention of a plan which answers well in the Print Room in Dresden. There, upon the walls, is ranged a representative selection from the larger collection hidden away in cabinets. By this means the student finds visibly before his eye the history of the art as represented by the masterpieces best worth remembrance. We would further suggest that the wall frames should be made with backs easily shifted, so as to admit of a ready change of subject; thus the whole collection might be brought under exhibition in succession. The noble art of engraving is now, alas, so much a thing of the past that we can ill afford to have historic treasures hid away in portfolios which are seldom opened.

#### THORPE REGIS.\*

WE find in *Thorpe Regis* the same sweetness and simplicity of tone, and the same keen sense of natural beauty and facility in describing it, which gave the *Rose Garden* its special charm of tender grace; but we do not think the author has done so well in certain other essentials of her art as formerly, and with much that is excellent to admire in her new book there is also something that is below the mark to condemn. Her first fault is the manner of introducing her characters. It is vague and puzzling; and, for want of a distincter labelling in the beginning, we have considerable difficulty in nicking them into their proper places, and understanding who's who and what relations each bears to the other. They are spoken of as if we ought to know all about them, rather than as creatures perfectly unknown; familiar acquaintances, briefly and familiarly indicated as not needing special description, rather than absolute strangers seen and heard

\* *Thorpe Regis*. By the Author of "The Rose Garden," "Unawares," &c. &c. 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1874.



of for the first time. Hence we have to turn back and piece together broken hints and fragmentary indications, which hinders the smooth running of the tale in the beginning, and sets up little barriers that irritate a swift reader. Also, though this is a minor matter, so many names begin with M—e.g. Mannering, Miles, Milman, Maddox, Margaret, Marion, and Marmaduke—that the frequent recurrence makes it confusing to the eye and monotonous to the ear. This may be a small fault, but true art is free from small faults, and, while it takes care of the weightier matters of plot and character, does not disdain the lighter ones of style and method. This long list of initial M's was an inadvertence doubtless; but criticism knows nothing of inadvertence, and may not accept such a plea as an excuse.

The theme of the book is beyond the execution. To trace the gradual strengthening and ennobling of a hasty, presumptuous, ardent youth by the fiery process of adversity, and the gradual lapse of a weak and selfishly desponding nature into absolute dishonour by the pressure of jealousy and fear, needed a more powerful as well as a more subtle hand than that of our present writer. The situation was good, the idea strong; but it is not given to every one to wield thunderbolts or to hold free and clear the slender threads of secret motives; and unfortunately *Thorpe Regis* is only one out of many instances where an author has mistaken his or her best capabilities, and where the work has in consequence fallen short of the design. The character of Anthony Miles is a very bright study in the earlier pages. He is one of those high-spirited, irrepressible, self-confident young men who accept every new theory as a proved fact, and hold themselves consecrated to reform the neighbourhood and put every one to rights. The old lawyer, Robert Mannering, reported of him that he "nearly blew up Underham with the chemicals he got hold of when that idiot Salter's back was turned"; that he "bribed the doctor's assistant, and half poisoned poor old Miss Philippa with learning how to mix medicines"; that he "upset his mother, and frightened her out of the few wits she possessed by trying a new fashion of harnessing"; while his brother Charles Mannering adds that, "if the boy goes on in this fashion, there must be a new science created for his benefit." All of which indictments are reasons sufficient why he should not be allowed to see the sacred Farleyense, when he went to the lawyer's garden and interfered in the treatment of a Gesnera which Mr. Robert Mannering had been assiduously cultivating on charcoal and cocoanut; or, as the old gardener contemptuously called it, "itemy nonsense." Besides being officious and a universal reformer, Anthony Miles is also conceited and a poet. He had done well at college and gained the Chancellor's gold medal, also as much applause as was good for him. Winifred Chester, the Squire's daughter, a girl with a strong sense of truth and inner nobleness, thought he had gained more applause than was good for him. Wherefore, though she loved him more than any one else did outside the Vicarage, his own home, she never scrupled to say sharp little things which should cut his crest when he held it too high. For if Anthony Miles held himself consecrated by nature to the task of putting the world at large to rights, Winifred Chester apparently considered herself told off to that of keeping Anthony himself in a decently humble frame of mind in spite of his temptations, both internal and external, to be over-well pleased with himself. Thus the young people, in love with each other as they are, quarrel more often than they do anything else, and at one time nearly make shipwreck of their whole happiness together. All this is well told. The young man's raw vanity and hot "enthusiasm for doing good, for upholding right, for beating down wrong"; the girl's impatience at his foibles, his conceit, and at the flattery which he accepted so kindly, and which made what was already bad enough so many degrees worse; his wounded self-love at her uncompromising severity, and her anger with herself when she had given freer vent than usual to her displeasure; his mixture of folly and good feeling, hers of temper and a high standard, make up a very truthful sketch of character and action evidently observed and drawn from the life.

So too is the weakly, self-indulgent, self-bewailing Marmaduke Lee, who moans at his hard fate in being kept chained to an uncongenial desk, but who has neither the courage nor energy to lift himself into a higher sphere, and who is of the kind that waits for ravens and the falling of roasted larks. He loves Marion Miles, the sister of Anthony the reformer, but he loves himself more than all; and makes use of the girl's devotion to help him in his endeavour to get good terms from Mr. Tregennas, on whose promises he prefers to rely rather than on his own exertions. He is a despicable character enough; but between weakly, self-indulgent complaints, and the dishonour of opening, reading, and destroying a letter not addressed to him, is a long way only to be reached by many stages. And we do not think that the author has been careful enough to trace these stages. Men will do such dishonest things in their trades and professions as are sanctioned by custom, and think none the worse of themselves; on the contrary, they will think they are more than justified—worthy of special applause if they have done the trick with more than common neatness, and that hesitancy would be Quixotism and prudery. But the very man who would overreach his neighbour in a bargain, or mislead him by a false statement, would hesitate to intercept a letter and destroy it after having read it. There are certain traditions of honour which are held even more sacred than higher things, and the inviolability of a sealed letter is one of them. We think that

Marmaduke's baseness in this matter is strained and doubtful; and even granting the action, we protest against the sacrifice of so generous and loyal a girl as Marion to so mean and pitiful a scoundrel. It would have been better for her to have suffered the disappointment of a girl's love affair than the far deeper misery which must have fallen on her in later life as she grew to the knowledge of the worthlessness of the man she had married, and the bitter mistake she had made. It is strange how our lady authors vacillate between an amount of high-flown scrupulosity so utterly impracticable and exaggerated as to be good for nothing outside fairy tales, and the estimate of truth and honour as things having no fixed properties, and to be used or abandoned as time and occasion serve. Between these two extremes the simple straightforward manliness which would not for self-respect condescend to a meanness, commit dishonour, or tell a deliberate lie, yet which has a rational sense of life and understands the need of self-preservation, moral and social as well as physical, gets lost in the fog of a fancy humanity which gives us anything rather than honourable men, by no means disposed, however, to be the prey of the unscrupulous.

The only other characters which hold anything like a prominent place in the gallery of *Thorpe Regis* are David Stephens, the deformed and eager Methodist preacher, and Ada Lovell, the false and heartless coquette who thinks two strings to her bow better than one, and whose favourite lover is the man who can make the best settlements and give her the handsomest house. We think the author has drawn the character of Ada a little more spitefully than was necessary. Her want of truth and loyalty are too extreme; so much so indeed that they create a sort of reaction in the reader's mind; and the natural impulse is to question the accuracy of the portrait rather than help in denouncing the iniquity of the character. Here, again, we wonder at that odd blindness to demerit which Anthony shows in his relations with Ada, just as Marion had shown before in her relations with Marmaduke. The young lady with the long soft curl on her neck seems to us so transparent a humbug that we cannot understand how a clever fellow like Anthony could be deceived by her; or how he could have deserted his loving, steadfast, noble-minded Winifred for such a mass of folly and frivolity. In the same way, too, David Stephens, strong in zeal and faithful to his cause as he is, gives up his heart into the keeping of a girl who is neither of his persuasion nor up to his religious height, and to love whom would have been in his mind an awful backsliding and a temptation of the Evil One. But David, too, following the odd law of moral incongruity specially affected by lady writers, holds back the knowledge which would have cleared Anthony from the undeserved suspicion cast upon him by Marmaduke's act of villany and dishonour; and "I thought you hindered the good work" is the reason he gives for a silent complicity in a cruel falsehood by which an innocent man's fair fame was destroyed, and the happiness of a life nearly wrecked for ever. We cannot accept such distortions as these for honest portraiture. Nonconformity does not warp a man's conscience so that, being truly and earnestly religious, he will yet commit a sinful baseness out of religious revenge. The author of *Thorpe Regis* would not, we fancy, have painted such a character as belonging to the Established Church; and what might have been true of the Scottish Covenanters, or of any other body of men where political passion and patriotism came in as spurs to fanaticism, would certainly not be true at the present day of an honest, zealous Christian, seeking after the better way and the purer light, and only anxious to save his own soul and his neighbour's by faith and good living. In the contest, such as it was, between Anthony and David, with the final action wherein the Vicar's son shows himself so far the nobler man, we see the stereotyped presentation which is considered the right thing by some orthodox delineators of Dissenters; and which may have many merits, but has assuredly not those of originality and life-likeness.

Some of the best passages of this book are the descriptive scenes scattered through the pages like charming vignettes. Of these the most neatly and the most completely done is the description of *Thorpe Regis* itself in the beginning. It has the clearness and the vividness of Dickens without his mannerism, and is an excellent example of photographic fidelity and artistic grace. The author has evidently a keen sense of natural beauty, and her power of putting on paper what she sees is equal to her power of discernment. She has also at times, and those by no means rare, a wonderful grace of words, a pictorial power and quaint application that lend colour and life to her sentences. But these good qualities do not make up for graver defects, and, while giving all due weight to the one, we must not forget to insist on the other.

#### GERMAN LITERATURE.

IN our notice of Dr. Schliemann's\* former publication we observed that it exhibited the merits and defects incident to the production of a self-taught man. The remark is equally applicable to his recent narrative of his explorations in the Troad, it being always borne in mind that the merits are far more conspicuous than the drawbacks, the former relating principally to the matter, the latter to the manner, of his work. Dr. Schliemann's

\* *Trojanische Alterthümer. Bericht über die Ausgrabungen in Troja.* Von Dr. Heinrich Schliemann. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Asher & Co.

independence is evinced by his resolve to decide the vexed question of Homeric topography for himself by spade and mattock; his energy is equally shown in the persevering accomplishment of his task. While scholars laboured to reconcile the site assigned for Ilium by Demetrius and Strabo with the text of Homer, Dr. Schliemann demonstrated the impossibility of the theory by actual excavation on the spot. Not only were no tokens of the existence of a city discoverable on the site, but the depth of soil was even insufficient for the foundations. The result seemed favourable to the theory which denies Troy's existence altogether; but if Dr. Schliemann was mighty to pull down, he proved no less potent to reconstruct. His speculations had already led him to the conclusion that the site universally assigned before the promulgation of Demetrius's theory was the correct one. Here, he said, Troy will be found; there accordingly he dug, and the results of his explorations must be admitted to have either vindicated his sagacity or established his almost supernatural good luck. The remains discovered by him may never have borne the name of Troy; the identification of the ornaments he has found with Priam's treasure may be wholly fanciful; the destruction of the place may have been unconnected with any expedition from Greece; but, allowing all this for argument's sake, it is still clear that the district has a *bond fide* history; that men existed and events happened about the period commonly assigned for the fall of Troy which may perfectly well have originated such a tradition as we find reproduced with poetical embellishments in the Iliad. More might be fairly claimed; but this suffices to assert for the Homeric poems at least as definite an historical basis as that of the Italian epics on the Carlovingian cycle of romance; and when it is considered that the latter are to a large extent professedly fantastic, while Homer tells nothing that a pious Greek of that day might not accept as fact, it is fair to conclude that the element of definite historical truth in the Iliad is much more considerable than that in the Orlando. The audacity of Homer's exaggerations is equally palpable, and will occasion less surprise to most people than to the sanguine Dr. Schliemann. "I should have liked," he exclaims, "to have found Troy a thousand times bigger"; but there is no evading the fact that the pre-Hellenic remains only occur over a limited area, everything discovered outside of which is found at a comparatively slight depth, and belongs to the Grecian epoch. The depth of the objects referred by the discoverer to the age of Priam is about eight metres; throughout a further substratum of five or six metres occur other remains, generally in stone or terra cotta, which Dr. Schliemann considers to belong to a still more primitive settlement on the site. The actual Troy must have been confined to the enclosure which Homer represents as the Pergamos, or citadel, thus creating the conception of a large surrounding city, which, in fact, never existed. The population cannot, in Dr. Schliemann's opinion, have exceeded five thousand, and even this reduced number he only accommodates by the hypothesis of lofty, many-storied houses; for which, however, he assigns independent reasons. As regards its literary form, the book is an unaltered reprint of letters addressed to friends during the progress of the excavations; and thus preserves the vividness and freshness of the explorer's daily hopes and fears, triumphs and disappointments, far more effectually than could have been accomplished by any subsequent manipulation of the materials. Especially graphic is the author's description of the circumstances attending the discovery of the golden ornaments described as "Priam's treasure," the glitter of which he was fortunately the first to observe—how he instantly called the workmen off to luncheon, and during their absence, with no small risk, disengaged the precious objects from the crumbling ruins, aided by his wife, who wrapped them up in her shawl. A full appreciation of his discoveries is impossible without an inspection of the accompanying atlas of 218 folio photographic plates, the character of which we can only briefly indicate. The objects represented may be imperfectly classified as—1. Disks or platters in terra-cotta, adorned with ornamental devices, among which two descriptions of crosses are conspicuous, with leaf or flower patterns of conventional execution, and occasionally, as it would appear, with rude representations of animals. These occur at all depths from 3 to 16 metres, but never among the remains of unquestionably Hellenic origin. 2. Stone knives, lance-heads, saws, whetstones, of the usual style of execution, and found at the same depth. The almost total absence of bronze weapons is remarkable, considering the evidence afforded by the elaboration of other objects, and by the occurrence of the mixed metal electron, of a fair degree of proficiency in metallurgy. A few copper knives and spear-heads, however, are found at a considerable depth. 3. Vases and other vessels of terra cotta, occurring in extraordinary numbers throughout the entire depth of the excavations, and in general repeating the same five or six varieties of pattern with little alteration. They are usually in a remarkable state of preservation. One only is painted; one or two more are inscribed with what we trust will prove to be alphabetical characters. 4. The singular images which Dr. Schliemann describes as owl-headed, and considers to represent Athene, though some of the accompanying details seem scarcely in harmony with the attributes of a virgin goddess. Grave doubts have been expressed whether the figure actually represents an owl at all, and we decline to stake our critical infallibility upon the question. 5. The so-called treasure of Priam, found at a depth of eight and a half metres under circumstances which in Dr. Schliemann's opinion prove it to have been packed together for hasty removal, as might be expected in the case of the sack of a city, and subsequently exposed to the action of fire. It consists of a variety of objects in gold and silver,

among which are particularly to be noticed some golden headbands of really beautiful workmanship; clustered gold spangles of an elegant leaf pattern, vases, bracelets, thin oblong plates of gold, plausibly identified by Dr. Schliemann with Homer's *τάλαντα* (the resemblance to the ancient Japanese golden currency is very apparent), and a double-mouthed cup, in shape something resembling a butter-boat, and clearly a modified form of the primitive drinking horn, which the discoverer pronounces a specimen of the enigmatical *ἕπας ἀμικυπέλλον*. 6. Greek busts and vases, with a spirited bas-relief and two inscriptions of the first century B.C., found at a depth of from one to two metres, and belonging to New Ilium. The number of small curiosities is infinite; among them we may notice an unmistakable figure of a hippopotamus, bespeaking intercourse with Egypt; and a pair of terra cotta vases pierced with holes, which Dr. Schliemann wildly conjectures to be beehives, but which, as a lady friend points out to us, were probably intended for incense-burners. Dr. Schliemann's minuteness in stating the precise depth at which each object was found is most laudable; we have only to regret that the execution of the photographs is very inferior, and the arrangement not always the most systematic.

Professor Richard Foerster\*, considering that ancient mythology only admits of satisfactory treatment through the medium of a series of monographs on the individual myths, exemplifies his principle by a copious treatise on the legend of the rape of Proserpine, as represented both in literature and art. It was originally, he shows, a legend connected with the Eleusinian mysteries, the localization of it in Sicily being a later development. The archaeological department of the subject is very fully treated, embracing a description and attempted explanation of all the extant works of antique art bearing relation to it.

Dr. H. Düntzer's† latest Homeric essays are in part a reply to criticisms directed against a former work. He occupies a middle position between the conservative and sceptical schools, maintaining the personality and antiquity of Homer, but disputing his authorship of the Iliad and Odyssey in their present shape, which he considers them to have assumed in the time of Pisistratus. He appears to agree with Mr. Grote in the hypothesis of an Achilles as the original kernel of the Iliad; the admiration aroused by this is held to have produced a school of epic bards, whose performances, so far as available for the purpose, were moulded into their present shape in the age of Pisistratus. It is not explained how, on this theory, the poems should be so devoid of allusions referable to a later date than that of their original composition, which is admitted to have been between B.C. 850 and 776.

Herr Müller-Strübing's endeavour to illustrate the history and constitution of Athens from the plays of Aristophanes‡ possesses the merits of erudition, freshness of thought, and a zeal which fully justifies the use of the adjective polemic on the title-page. Its great defect is a prolixity which will provoke many a reader to cast the volume aside without ceremony, and which is the more vexatious because totally needless. The excision of all redundancies would reduce the work by two-thirds, greatly to the advantage of Herr Strübing's arguments, which would have some chance of being appreciated when it was possible without excessive fatigue to ascertain what they were. At present we can only say that he is at variance with almost all modern authorities on all the points raised in his treatise, some of the most important of which relate to the administration of the Athenian finances. Pericles, he contends, owed his influence in the State to his office as treasurer, not as strategus. The charge against Cleon in the "Knights" is not one of corruption, but of maladministration in having procured the reduction of the tributes paid by the allies. Another long chapter is devoted to Thucydides, whose good faith as an historian is seriously impugned. These views may probably be paradoxical, but they are at all events conceived with an originality which makes it a real subject for regret that they should owe so little to the manner in which they have been put forth.

Oscar Peschel§ has made no original contribution to our knowledge of the human race, but we know no treatise better adapted than his to fulfil the desideratum of a manual of the science of anthropology. The inquiry, pushed simultaneously along various lines of research, has resulted in a confluence of physiological, zoological, philological, ethnological, and historical data, with the whole of which it is vain to expect any investigator to possess a first-hand acquaintance, and ample room remains for the scholar who, without pretensions to original research in any one branch of the extensive subject, possesses the judgment and ability to take a comprehensive survey of all. Herr Peschel, whose own special branch of science is the geographical, has made himself fully acquainted with the labours of specialists in other departments, and is fortunate in possessing a sobriety of judgment especially necessary in fields of research which have sometimes appeared wholly surrendered to extravagant speculation. His part is rather that of an expositor and critic than that of an independent inquirer; the views of various schools are fairly stated, and the

\* *Der Raub und die Rückkehr der Persephone in ihrer Bedeutung für die Mythologie, Litteratur und Kunst-Geschichte.* Von R. Foerster. Stuttgart: Heitz. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Die homerischen Fragen.* Von Dr. H. Düntzer. Leipzig: Hahn. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Aristophanes und die historische Kritik. Polemische Studien zur Geschichte von Athen in fünf Jahrhunderten vor Ch. G.* Von H. Müller-Strübing. Leipzig: Teubner. London: Trübner & Co.

§ *Volkerkunde.* Von Oscar Peschel. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.



reviewer's own opinion neither obtruded nor concealed. A moderate Darwinian, he is averse to the theories of the polygenists, and attributes a common origin to the human race, at a time, in a place, and under circumstances at present incapable of verification. After a brief discussion of this obscure department of the subject, he passes to those physiological and philological distinctions which must form the groundwork of every classification, but whose various, and to a considerable extent dubious, character renders a scientific arrangement so difficult. Next follows a survey of the material and moral progress of mankind from its most primitive condition to the civilized state; and we finally arrive at the ethnological classification of the race. Herr Peschel admits seven species into the genus *homo*—the Australian, Papuan, Mongolian, Dravidian, Hottentot, Ethiopian, and Caucasian man. The admission of the fourth of these varieties alone appears open to criticism, and will be contested alike by the philologists who discover a relationship between the Dravidian and Mongolian languages, and by the physiologists who seek a common origin for Dravidians and Australians in the hypothetical submerged continent called with unconscious satire *Lemuria*.

Senhor Macedo's work on the geography of Brazil \* goes beyond the strict promise of the title in giving also pretty full historical details of the settlement of the various provinces, as well as of the general history of the country, its political constitution, and its natural products. A very flattering picture is presented of the suitability of the Southern provinces for European immigration, while it is admitted that the experiments made in this direction have not hitherto been attended by any noticeable success. Notwithstanding an occasional grandiloquence of style, the work conveys an impression of honesty and thoroughness. Its principal drawback is the absence of a map.

Herr Louis Rosenthal † is by no means a scientific, or even a highly cultivated, traveller; he possesses, however, the gift of quick observation, which, joined to a lively style, makes his unpretending work sufficiently entertaining. Having gone out to Buenos Ayres without any very definite object, he found his way across the Pampas to Chili, where he obtained employment in a coal-mine, and mixed with a society resembling that of Melipilla, so famous in connexion with a more celebrated personage. Growing restless, he moved northward, and essayed to establish himself as a photographer at Quito, where however he found that the ground was pre-occupied by two competitors, and that one of these was one too many. Disgusted at such want of encouragement, he returned to Europe, bringing a number of views which are to be reproduced in photography. The book is cheerful and amusing throughout, and, if making no material addition to our knowledge, it gives at all events a lively idea of the social circumstances in which a European adventurer in South America is likely to find himself.

Although containing much miscellaneous information on subjects connected with natural science, *A Polar Summer* ‡ cannot be described as belonging to the scientific category of works of travel, but rather to the class in which the object is less the literal reproduction of facts than of the impression left by them upon a sensitive and receptive mind. It is, in fact, a work of that genus of which *Eothen* affords the best known English type, and, if less intellectually brilliant, is scarcely less effective in the portrayal of the most picturesque aspects of manners and scenery. The brevity and intensity of the Arctic summer have in themselves something dramatically suggestive of the contrast afforded by the habitual climate of the country; and this hurry of Nature, conscious of the shortness of her season of affluence, is extremely well rendered by the authors' straightforward and eager style, abounding with beauties of detail, but betraying no trace of minute elaboration. The scene of their peregrinations was the region included between the White Sea and the stretch of coast from its opening to the Norwegian frontier; their descriptions alternate continually between land and water, and it is hard to say whether the luxuriant, almost oppressive life of the primitive forests bursting into summer glory, or the bright freedom of the waves, is felt and rendered with more accuracy and charm. There are also pictures of bleak moor and inhospitable wilderness; of the autumnal beauty of the woods during the wane of the year; and of the simple, good-natured inhabitants. A chapter on the Samoiedes is especially interesting, and contains much curious information respecting their religion and superstitions. The natural history of the region is fully treated in an appendix; the chief value of the work, however, consists in its representation, not of the facts, but of the poetry of nature.

The modern age of chemistry dates from the refutation of the phlogiston theory by Lavoisier. Passing lightly over the earlier stages of research, when the science might fitly be described as groping in the dark, Herr Kopp § dwells very fully on its subsequent development. His style is clear and easy, and if the dimensions of his volume appear formidable, it is fair to remember the extent and intricacy of the subject.

\* *Geographische Beschreibung Brasiliens*. Von J. M. de Macedo. Uebersetzt von M. P. Alves Nogueira und W. T. von Schieffer. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Diessits und Jenseits der Cordillere*. Von L. Rosenthal. Berlin: Stande. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Ein Polar Sommer. Reise nach Lapland und Kanin*. Von H. und K. Aubel. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Die Entwicklung der Chemie in der neueren Zeit*. Von H. Kopp. München: Oldenbourg. London: Williams & Norgate.

The little German earthquake of March 1872 \* had the advantage of taking place in a civilized country, which has occasioned its phenomena to be investigated and recorded with far greater accuracy than those of more memorable convulsions. Herr von Seebach has collected three hundred and twenty-four observations, from which, with the aid of mathematics and geology, he endeavours to deduce rules applicable to the department of earthquakes on all occasions.

The latest member of Gustav Freytag's † series of historical-social romances is a decided improvement upon *Ingo and Ingraban*. The approximation to modern times and sympathies is favourable to a writer possessed of all the advantages that knowledge and literary dexterity can confer, but destitute of the creative gift. Herr Freytag's accurate acquaintance with the manners of the eleventh century almost supplies the want of that personal observation which insures the success of his novels of modern life. The feat is not quite performed; the mediæval period is not made actually living for us; we never lose the consciousness of looking on a picture. The workmanship is nevertheless so clever, the style so easy, and the details generally in such excellent keeping, that the *Fellowhammers' Nest* may be perused with very considerable pleasure. The opening chapters, where an impetuous young hero struggles to escape from the convent where he has been educated, remind us forcibly of Scott. The subsequent scenes are skilfully contrived to display the feudal system from a variety of points of view, especially as regards the relation of the monarch to his powerful vassals.

*Are there Gods?* ‡ is a romance of nearly the same period, scarcely historical, however, and rather a prose poem than a novel. The purpose may have been to exhibit the influence of unwonted trains of thought upon the barbarous simplicity of a Berserker. Halfred's scepticism, however, contributes little to the effectiveness of the story, which will be most enjoyed if regarded simply as a narrative of wild, stormy Norse adventure. As in Freytag's work, the modern man of letters is somewhat too apparent, but the artifice of composition is frequently relieved by a touch of genuine poetry.

Ferdinand Löwe's translation of Kriloff's fables § is no doubt very close to the original, but its accuracy only serves to bring out the deficiency of the latter in one of the prime virtues of a good fable—conciseness. The point is frequently frittered away in a multiplicity of minor details, ingenious in themselves, but adding nothing to the general effect. The Russian La Fontaine has evidently gained much in Mr. Ralston's English prose version, by which he is principally known in this country.

It is sufficient merely to name an elegant reprint of the *Wunderhorn* || as a boon for all who appreciate the careless, inimitable beauties of genuine popular poetry.

\* *Das Mitteldeutsche Erdbeben vom 6. März 1872*. Von K. von Seebach. Leipzig: Haessel. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Das Nest der Zaunkönige*. Von Gustav Freytag. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Sind Götter? Die Halfred Sigkaldsaga. Eine nordische Erzählung aus dem zehnten Jahrhundert*. Von Felix Dahn. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Trübner & Co.

§ *Kryloff's sämtliche Fabeln*. Aus dem Runischen übersetzt und mit einer Einleitung begleitet von Ferdinand Löwe. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*. Alte deutsche Lieder gesammelt von L. Achim von Arnim und C. Brentano. 2 Bde. Berlin: Grote. London: Williams & Norgate.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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**MUSICAL UNION—THIRTIETH SEASON—TICKETS** are issued this Week. The Record of 1873 (to be had of RINGWAY) has been sent to Members. New Talent is expected. Nominations, with Names and Addresses, to be sent to the Director. Two Lectures, given at the London Institution, on Ancient and Modern Ballets, will be repeated during the season at the West-end, by Subscription.—J. ELIA, 9 Victoria Square, S.W.

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**CHELTEMHAM COLLEGE.**—The Office of PRINCIPAL will become VACANT on April 1 next. Candidates, who must be Clergymen in full Orders of the Church of England and Graduates of Oxford or Cambridge, are requested to send in to the Secretary, at the College, Cheltenham, not later than April 14, twenty-five Proposals, in which they should state the Salary they desire per Annum, which is augmented by a Capitation Fee of £2 per Boy on every Boy above 300. The present numbers are 663. The Council are endeavouring to procure a Residence for the Principal, and until one be found an equivalent in House-rent will be given.—Further particulars, on application to the SECRETARY, at the College, Cheltenham.

## BURNLEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

The Governors will proceed to appoint the HEAD-MASTER of this School as soon after the 1st May next as practicable. All Applications and Testimonials must be sent to Mr. ANTHONY J. CLARK, Clerk to the Governors, Burnley, on or before the 1st of May next. The duties and immediate, as well as possible future, emoluments of the Head-Master are set forth in a printed Report of the Governors, which may be obtained from their Clerk.

**A CAMBRIDGE GRADUATE** in Classical Honours (late Scholar and Exhibitor of his College) DESIRES after Easter a MASTERSHIP in a Public School, or a TUTORSHIP; former preferred. No objection to go abroad as Tutor. Good testimonials and references.—Address, E. A., 9 Lansdowne Street, Brighton.

**ELECTION OF CHURCHWARDENS.**—The Easter Vestries will shortly be held. Parishioners are invited to elect only such Churchwardens as will set upon the principle that all (Poor as well as Rich) are equally entitled to the use of their Parish Church. This is the principle of the Church's Parochial system, and is also in accordance with the teaching of the Gospel.

Papers on the subject may be had gratuitously on application at the Office of the National Association for Freedom of Worship, 28 St. John Street, Manchester; or of the London Free and Open Church Association, 25 Norfolk Street, Strand, London.

**HAYMAN DEFENCE FUND.**—The Committee of this Fund have much pleasure in ACKNOWLEDGING the following SUMS, towards Payment of the Costs of the Appeal to the Court of Chancery, against the wrongful dismissal of the Rev. Dr. HAYMAN from the Head-Mastership of Rugby School:

FIFTH LIST			
A Sympathizer.....	£2 2 0	Maine, Rev. Tawin G.....	£1 1 0
Acton, Major William.....	2 2 0	Meynell, Godfrey, Esq.....	1 0 0
Alliott, S. C., Esq., M.P.....	2 2 0	Oliver, Rev. R. W.....	3 3 0
An Old Etonian.....	2 0 0	Pakenham, Captain.....	10 0 0
Baring, Thomas Charles, Esq., M.P.....	10 10 0	Palmer, Richard, Esq.....	10 0 0
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Deputy, Rev. Prebendary.....	1 0 0	Poynder, Rev. F.....	5 0 0
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Every person who has at heart the welfare of our Public and Endowed Schools, and desires that the authority of their Head-Masters should be maintained in its integrity, and every lover of justice and fair play, irrespective of political bias, is earnestly invited to support the Hayman Defence Fund.

Subscriptions may be paid directly to either of the undersigned; or to the credit of the Fund at the National Provincial Bank, Rugby; at Lloyd's Banking Company, Rugby; or at Messrs. Hanson, Bouvier, & Co.'s, 1 Pall Mall East, London.

FORBES MACBEAN, Lieut.-Colonel, Rugby } Hon. Treasurers.  
S. R. TOWNSEND MAYER, Richmond, Surrey }

March 14, 1874.

## MEDELSSOHN FUND CONCERT.

The pleasure to announce that by the very kind permission of FREDK. LEHMANN, Esq., SOLE agent for the sale of his House at Berkeley Square, on Friday Evening next, March 7, for the above Fund. The following highly distinguished Artists have already most kindly promised their services:—Madame Norman-Neruda, Madame Otto Alvioleni, Miss Antoinette Sterling, Herr Joachim, Mr. Charles Hallé, Mr. Strauss, Mr. Ritz, Mr. Zerkini, and Signor Finelli. Tickets, 25s. and 10s. 6d. each, may be procured at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street.

By Order, G. GROVE, Hon. Sec.